THE

PLAIN-DEALER.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

Written by Mr. WYCHERLEY.

The Fourth Edition.

HORAT.

——*Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.

Licenſed *Jan.* 9. 1676.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden* near the *Piazza's*.
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To my LADY B——

Madam,

THO' I never had the Honour to receive a Favour from you, nay, or be known to you, I take the confidence of an Author to write to you a Billiet doux *Dedicatory*; which is no new thing, for by moſt Dedications it appears, that Authors, though they praiſe their Patrons from top to toe, and ſeem to turn 'em inſide out, know 'em as little as ſometimes their Patrons their Books, tho' they read them out; and if the Poetical Daubers did not write the Name of the Man or Woman on top of the Picture, 'twere impoſſible to gueſs whoſe it were. But you, Madam, without the help of a Poet, have made your ſelf known and famous in the World; and, becauſe you do not want it, are therefore moſt worthy an Epiſtle Dedicatory. And this Play claims naturally your Protection, ſince it has loſt its Reputation with the Ladies of ſtricter lives in the Play-houſe; and (you know) when Mens Endeavours are diſcountenanc'd and refus'd, by the nice coy Women of Honour, they come to you, To you the Great and Noble Patroneſs of rejected and baſhful Men, of which number I profeſs my ſelf to be one, though a Poet, a Dedicating Poet: To you I ſay, Madam, who have as diſcerning a judgment, in what's obſcene or not, as any quick-ſighted civil Perſon of 'em all, and can make as much of a double meaning ſaying as the beſt of 'em; yet would not, as ſome do, make nonſenſe of a Poet's Jeſt, rather than not make it baudy: by which they ſhew they as little value Wit in a Play, as in a Lover, provided they can bring t'other thing about. Their ſenſe indeed lies all one way, and therefore are only for that in a Poet which is moving, as they ſay; But what do they mean by that word moving? Well, I muſt not put 'em to the bluſh, ſince I find I can do't. In ſhort, Madam, you would not be one of thoſe who raviſh a Poet's innocent words, and make 'em guilty of their own naugh-

tineſs (as 'tis term'd) in ſpight of his teeth; nay, nothing is ſecure from the power of their imaginations; no, not their Husbands, whom they Cuckold with themſelves, by thinking of other men, and ſo make the lawful matrimonial embraces Adultery; wrong Husbands and Poets in thought and word, to keep their own Reputations; but your Ladyſhips juſtice, I know, wou'd think a Woman's Arraigning and Damning a Poet for her own obſcenity, like her crying out a Rape, and hanging a Man for giving her pleaſure, only that ſhe might be thought not to conſent to't; and ſo to vindicate her Honour, forfeits her modeſty. But you, Madam; have too much modeſty to pretend to't; tho' you have as much to ſay for your modeſty as many a nicer ſhe; for you never were ſeen at this Play, no, not the firſt day; and 'tis no matter what Peoples Lives have been, they are unqueſtionably modeſt who frequent not this Play, For as Mr. Bays *ſays of his, That it is the only Touchſtone of Mens Wit, and underſtanding; mine is, it ſeems, the only Touchſtone of Womens Virtue and Modeſty. But hold, that Touchſtone is equivocal, and, by the ſtrength of a Lady's imagination, may become ſomething that is not civil; but your Ladyſhip, I know, ſcorns to miſapply a Touchſtone. And, Madam, tho' you have not ſeen this Play, I hope (like other nice Ladies) you will the rather read it: yet, leſt the Chambermaid, or Page ſhou'd not be truſted, and their indulgences cou'd gain no further admittance for it, than to their Ladies Lobbies or outward Room, take it into your care and protection; for by your recommendation and procurement, it may have the honour to get into their Cloſets: For what they renounce in publick often entertains 'em there, with your help eſpecially. In fine, Madam, for theſe and many other reaſons, you are the fitteſt Patroneſs or Judge of this Play; for you ſhew no partiality to this or that Author; for from ſome many Ladies will take a broad jeſt as chearfully as from the Watermen, and ſit at ſome downright filthy Plays (as they call 'em) as well ſatisfied, and as ſtill, as a Poet cou'd wiſh 'em elſe where; therefore it muſt be the doubtful obſcenity of my Plays alone they take exceptions at, becauſe it is too baſhful for 'em; and indeed moſt Women hate Men for attempting to halves on their Chaſtity: and Baudy I find, like Satyr, ſhou'd be home, not to have it taken notice of. But, now I mention Satyr, ſome there are who ſay, 'Tis the Plain-dealing of the Play;*

not

not the offenity; 'tis taking off the Ladies Mask, not offering at their Petticoats, which offends 'em: and generally they are not the handſomeſt, or moſt innocent, who are the moſt angry at being diſcover'd.

——Nihil eſt audacius illis
Deprehenſis; iram, atq; animos a crimine ſumunt.

Pardon, Madam, the Quotation, for a Dedication can no more be without ends of Latine, than Flattery; and 'tis no matter whom it is writ to; for an Author can as eaſily (I hope) ſuppoſe People to have more underſtanding and Languages than they have, as well as more Virtues. But why, the Devil! ſhou'd any of the few modeſt and handſome be alarm'd? (for ſome there are who as well as any deſerve thoſe attributes, yet refrain not from ſeeing this Play, nor think it any addition to their Virtue to ſet up for it in a Play-houſe, leſt it ſhou'd look too much like acting.) But why, I ſay, ſhou'd any at all of the truly virtuous be concern'd, if thoſe who are not ſo are diſtinguiſh'd from 'em? For by that Mask of modeſty which Women wear promiſcuouſly in publick, they are all alike, and you can no more know a kept Wench from a Woman of Honour by her Looks than by her Dreſs; for thoſe who are of Quality without Honour (if any ſuch there are) they have their Quality to ſet off their falſe modeſty, as well as their falſe Jewels, and you muſt no more ſuſpect their Countenances for counterfeit than their Pendants, though as the Plain-dealer Montaigne *ſays,* Eles envoyent leur conſcience au Bordel, & teinnent leur contenance en regle: *But thoſe who act as they look, ought not to be ſcandalized at the reprehenſion of others faults, leſt they tax themſelves with 'em, and by too delicate and quick an apprehenſion not only make that obſcene which I meant innocent, but that Satyr on all, which was intended only on thoſe who deſerv'd it. But, Madam, I beg your pardon for this digreſſion, to civil Women and Ladies of Honour, ſince you and I ſhall never be the better for 'em; for a Comic Poet, and a Lady of your profeſſion, make moſt of the other ſort, and the Stage and your houſes, like our Plantations, are propagated by the leaſt nice Women; and as with the Miniſters of Juſtice, the Vices of the Age are our beſt buſineſs. But now*

I men-

I mention Publick Persons, I can no longer defer doing you the Justice of a Dedication, and telling you your own; who are, of all publick-spirited People, the most necessary, most communicative, most generous and hospitable; your house has been the house of the People, your Sleep still disturb'd for the Publick, and when you arose, 'twas that others might lye down, and you waked that others might rest; the good you have done is unspeakable; How many young unexperienc'd Heirs have you kept from rash foolish Marriages? and from being jilted for their lives by the worst sort of Jilts, Wives? How many unbewitch'd Widowers Children have you preserved from the Tyranny of Stepmothers? How many old Dotards from Cuckoldage, and keeping other mens Wenches and Children? How many Adulteries and unnatural Sins have you prevented? In fine, you have been a constant scourge to the old Lecher, and often a terrour to the young; you have made concupiscence its own punishment, and extinguished Lust with Lust, like blowing up of Houses to stop the fire.

Nimirum propter continentiam, incontinentia
Necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur.

There's Latin *for you again, Madam; I protest to you, as I am an Author, I cannot help it; nay, I can hardly keep my self from quoting* Aristotle *and* Horace, *and talking to you of the Rules of Writing (like the* French *Authors,) to shew you and my Reader I understand 'em, in my Epistle, lest neither of you shou'd find it out by the Play; and according to the Rules of Dedications, 'tis no matter whether you understand or no, what I quote or say to you, of Writing; for an Author can as easily make any one a Judge or Critick, in an Epistle, as an Hero in his Play: But, Madam, that this may prove to the end a true Epistle Dedicatory, I'd have you know 'tis not without a design upon you, which is in the behalf of the Fraternity of* Parnassus, *that Songs and Sonnets may go at your Houses, and in your Liberties, for Guineys and half Guineys; and that Wit, at least with you, as of old, may be the price of Beauty, and so you will prove a true encourager of Poetry, for Love is a better help to it than Wine; and Poets, like Painters, draw better after the Life, than by Fancy; Nay in justice, Madam, I think a Poet ought to be as free of your Houses, as of the Play-Houses: since*

he

he contributes to the support of both, and is as necessary to such as you, as a Ballad-singer to the Pick-purse, in convening the Cullies at the Theaters, to be pick'd up, and carry'd to a Supper and Bed at your Houses. And, Madam, the reason of this motion of mine is, because poor Poets can get no favour in the Tyring-Rooms, for they are no Keepers, you know; and Folly and Money, the old Enemies of Wit, are even too hard for it on its own Dunghill: And for other Ladies, a Poet can least go to the price of them; besides his Wit, which ought to recommend him to 'em, is as much an obstruction to his Love, as to his Wealth or Preferment; for most Women now adays, apprehend Wit in a Lover, as much as in a Husband; they hate a Man that knows 'em, they must have a blind easie Fool, whom they can lead by the Nose, and as the Scythian Women of old, muff baffle a Man, and put out his Eyes, e're they will lye with him; and then too, like Thieves, when they have plunder'd and stript a Man, leave him. But if there should be one of an hundred of those Ladies generous enough to give her self to a Man that has more Wit than Money, (all things consider'd) he would think it cheaper coming to you for a Mistress, though you made him pay his Guiney; as a Man in a Journey, (out of good husbandry) had better pay for what he has in an Inn, than lye on free-cost at a Gentlemans House.

In fine, Madam, like a Faithful Dedicator, I hope I have done my self right in the first place, then you, and your profession, which in the wisest and most Religious Government of the World, is honour'd with the publick allowance; and in those that are thought the most unciviliz'd and barbarous, is protected, and supported by the Ministers of Justice; and of you, Madam, I ought to say no more here, for your Virtues deserve a Poem rather than an Epistle, or a Volume intire to give the World your Memoirs, or Life at large, and which (upon the word of an Author that has a mind to make an end of his Dedication) I promise to do, when I write the Annals of our British Love, which shall be dedicated to the Ladies concern'd, if they will not think them something too obscene too; when your Life, compar'd with many that are thought innocent, I doubt not may vindicate you, and me, to the World, for the confidence I have taken in this Address to you; which then may be thought neither impertinent nor immodest; and, whatsoever your Amorous misfortunes have been, none can charge you with that

heinous

heinous, and worst of Womens Crimes, Hypocrisie; nay, in spight of misfortunes or age, you are the same Woman still; though most of your Sex grow Magdalens *at fifty, and as a solid* French *Author has it,*

Apres le Plaisir, vient la peine,
Apres la peine la vertue;

But sure an old Sinners continency is much like a Gamester's forswearing Play, when he had lost all his Money; and Modesty is a kind of a youthful dress, which as it makes a young Woman more amiable, makes an old one more nauseous; a bashful old Woman is like an hopeful old Man; and the affected Chastity of antiquated Beauties is rather a reproach than an honour to 'em, for it shews the Mens Virtue only, not theirs. But you, in fine, Madam, are no more an Hypocrite than I am when I praise you; therefore I doubt not will be thought (even by yours and the Play's Enemies, the nicest Ladies) to be the fittest Patroness for,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient, faithful, humble Servant, and

The Plain-Dealer.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the

Plain-Dealer.

I The PLAIN-DEALER *am to Act to Day:*
And my rough Part begins before the Play.
First, you who Scribble, yet hate all that Write,
And keep each other Company in spite,
As Rivals in your common Mistress, Fame,
And with faint praises, one another Damn:
'Tis a good Play (we know) you can't forgive,
But grudge your selves, the pleasure you receive,
Our Scribler therefore bluntly bid me say,
He wou'd not have the Wits pleas'd here to day.
Next, you, the fine, loud Gentlemen, o'th Pit,
Who Damn all Plays; yet, if y'ave any Wit,
'Tis but what here you spunge, and daily get;
Poets, like Friends to whom you are in Debt,
You hate: and so Books laugh, to see undone
Those pushing Gamesters whom they live upon.
Well, you are Sparks; and still will be i' th' fashion:
Rail then, at Plays, to hide your Obligation.
Now, you shrewd Judges who the Boxes sway,
Leading the Ladies hearts, and sense astray,
And, for their sakes, see all, and hear no Play;
Correct your Cravats, Foretops, Lock behind;
The Dress and Breeding of the Play ne're mind.

PROLOGUE.

Plain-dealing *is, you'll say, quite out of fashion;*
You'll hate it here, as in a Dedication.
And your fair Neighbours, in a Limning Poet,
No more than in a Painter will allow it.
Pictures too like, the Ladies will not please:
They must be drawn too here, like Goddesses.
You, as at Lely's too, wou'd Trumpeon wield.
And look like Heroes, in a painted Field;
But the course dauber of the coming Scenes,
To follow life, and Nature only means:
Displays you, as you are: makes his fine Woman
A mercenary Jilt, and true to no Man;
His Men of Wit, and pleasure of the Age,
Are as dull Rogues, as ever cumber'd Stage:
He draws a Friend, only to Custom just;
And makes him naturally break his trust.
I, only, act a Part like none of you;
And yet, you'll, say, it is a Fool's Part too:
An honest Man; who, like you, never winks
At faults; but unlike you, speaks what he thinks:
The only Fool who ne're found Patron yet;
For Truth is now a fault, as well as Wit.
And where else, but on Stages do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded Honesty?
Which our bold Poet does this day in me.
If not to th' Honest, be to th' prosperous kind:
Some Friends at Court let the PLAIN-DEALER *find.*

Some

Some Books Printed for R. Bently *and* S. Magnes.

PLato's *Apologie of* Socrates, *or* Phedo, *two Dialogues concerning the immortality of Man's Soul.*
A Natural Hiſtory of the Paſſions.
Country Wit.
Sophonisba.
Nero.
Auguſtus Cæſar.
Abdellazar.
Sir *Timothy Taudery.*
Madam Fickle.
All Miſtaken.
Engliſh Monſieur.
Tartuff.
Andromache.
Caliſta.
Forced Marriage.
The Fool turn'd Critick.
Fond Husband,
Plain-Dealer.
Thyeſtes: A Tragedy.
Moral Eſſays, the ſecond Part.
The Policy of the Clergy of France *to deſtroy the Proteſtants.*

English Novels, New.

Zelinda.
Count Brion.
Happy Slave.
The Diſorders of Love.
The ſecond Part of the Happy Slave.
The Pilgrim, in two Parts.
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French Novels.

Princeſſe Montferrat.
L'Heureux Eſclave, complete en trois Vol.
Mercure Galand, pour l'Année 1677.
Le Triomphe d'Amour ſur la Deſtinée.
A French Play acted at Whitehall, *Entituled,* Rare-en-tout.

THE PERSONS.

Manly Mr. Hart.	Of an honeſt, ſurly, nice humour, ſuppos'd firſt in the time of the *Dutch* War, to have procur'd the Command of a Ship, out of Honour, not Intereſt; and chuſing a Sea-life, only to avoid the World.
Freeman. Mr. Kynaſtan.	*Manly*'s Lieutenant, a Gentleman well Educated, but of a broken Fortune, a Complier with the Age.
Verniſh Mr. Griffin.	*Manly*'s Boſom, and only Friend.
Novel Mr. Clark.	A pert railing Coxcomb, and an Admirer of Novelties, makes Love to *Olivia*.
Major Oldfox Mr. Cartwright.	An old impertinent Fop, given to Scribling, makes Love to the *Widow Blackacre*.
My Lord Plauſible Mr. Hains.	A Ceremonious, Supple, Commending Coxcomb, in Love with *Olivia*.
Jerry Blackacre Mr. Charlton.	A true raw Squire under Age, and his Mothers Government, bred to the Law.
Olivia Mrs. Marſhal.	*Manly*'s Miſtreſs.
Fidelia Mrs. Boutell.	In Love with *Manly*, and follow'd him to Sea in Man's Cloaths.
Eliza Mrs. Knep.	Couſin to *Olivia*.
Lettice Mrs. Knight.	*Olivia*'s Woman.
The Widow Blackacre Mrs. Cory.	A petulant, litigious Widow, always in Law, and Mother to Squire *Jerry*.

Lawyers, Knights of the Poſt, Bayliffs, and Aldermen, a Bookſellers Prentice, a Footboy, Sailors, Waiters, and Attendants.

THE SCENE.

LONDON.

The Plain-Dealer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Captain Manly's *Lodging.*

Enter Captain Manly *ſurlily; and my Lord* Plauſible *following him: and two* Sailors *behind.*

Man. TEll not me (my good Lord *Plauſible*) of your *Decorums*, ſupercilious Forms, and ſlaviſh Ceremonies; your little Tricks, which you the Spaniels of the World, do daily over and over, for, and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your ſervile fear.

L. Plauſ. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too paſſionate, and I muſt humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you, they are the Arts, and Rules, the Prudent of the World walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no Leading-ſtrings, I can walk alone; I hate a Harneſs, and will not tug on in a Faction, kiſſing my Leader behind, that another Slave may do the like to me.

L. Plauſ. What, will you be ſingular then, like no Body? follow Love, and eſteem no Body?

Man. Rather than be general, like you; follow every Body, Court and kiſs every Body; though perhaps at the ſame time, you hate every Body.

L. Plauſ. Why, ſeriouſly with your Pardon, my dear Friend———

Man. With your Pardon, my no Friend, I will not, as you do, whiſper my hatred, or my ſcorn, call a man Fool or Knave, by ſigns or mouths over his ſhoulder, whil'ſt you have him in your arms; for ſuch as you, like common Whores and Pickpockets, are only dangerous to thoſe you embrace.

L. Plaſ. Such as I! Heavens defend me——upon my Honour———

Man. Upon your Title, my Lord, if you'd have me believe you.

L. Plauſ. Well then, as I am a Perſon of Honour, I never attempted to abuſe, or leſſen any Perſon, in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

L. Plauſ. No; but ſeriouſly, I hate to do a rude thing: no, faith, I ſpeak well of all Mankind.

Man. I thought ſo; but know, that the ſpeaking well of all Mankind, is the worſt kind of Detraction; for it takes away the Reputation of the few good

men in the World, by making all alike: now I ſpeak ill of moſt men, becauſe they deſerve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjuſt thing.

L. Plauſ. Well, tell not me, my dear Friend, what People deſerve, I ne'er mind that; I, like an Author in a Dedication, never ſpeak well of a man for his ſake, but my own; I will not diſparage any man, to diſparage my ſelf; for to ſpeak ill of People behind their backs, is not like a Perſon of Honour; and truly to ſpeak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a Complaiſant Perſon: But if I did ſay, or do an ill thing to any, it ſhould be ſure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well; but I, that am an unmannerly Sea-fellow, if I ever ſpeak well of People, (which is very ſeldom indeed) it ſhould be ſure to be behind their backs; and if I wou'd ſay, or do ill to any, it ſhou'd be to their Faces: I wou'd juſtle a proud, ſtrutting, over-looking Coxcomb, at the head of his Sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him, when he were paſt me; wou'd frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an over-grown Knave of buſineſs, rather than vent my ſpleen againſt him, when his back were turn'd; wou'd give fawning Slaves the Lye, whilſt they embrace or commend me; Cowards, whilſt they brag; call a Raſcal by no other Title, though his Father had left him a Duke's; laugh at fools aloud, before their Miſtreſſes: And muſt deſire People to leave me, when their Viſits grow at laſt as troubleſom, as they were at firſt impertinent.

L. Plauſ. I wou'd not have my Viſits troubleſom.

Man. The only way to be ſure not to have 'em troubleſom, is to make 'em when People are not at home, for your Viſits, like other good turns, are moſt obliging, when made, or done to a man, in his abſence. A Pox why ſhou'd any one, becauſe he has nothing to do, go and diſturb another mans buſineſs?

L. Plauſ. I beg your pardon, my dear Friend. What, you have buſineſs?

Man. If you have any, I wou'd not detain your Lordſhip.

L. Plauſ. Detain me, dear Sir, I can never have enough of your Company.

Man. I'm afraid I ſhou'd be tireſom: I know not what you think.

L. Plauſ. Well, dear Sir, I ſee you wou'd have me gone.

Man. But I ſee you won't. *Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. Your moſt faithful———

Man. God be w'ye, my Lord.

L. Plauſ. Your moſt humble———

Man. Farewel.

L. Plauſ. And eternally———

Man. And eternally Ceremony———then the Devil take thee eternally. [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. You ſhall uſe no Ceremony, by my life.

Man. I do not intend it.

L. Plauſ. Why do you ſtir then?

Man. Only to ſee you out of doors, that I may ſhut 'em, againſt more welcomes.

L. Plauſ. Nay, faith that ſhall not paſs upon your moſt faithful, humble, Servant.

Man. Nor this any more upon me. [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ.

E. Plauſ. Well, you are too ſtrong for me.

Man. I'de ſooner be viſited by the Plague; for that only won'd keep a man from viſits, and his doors ſhut. [*Aſide.*

[*Ex. thruſting out my* Lord Plauſible.

Manent Sailers.

1 *Sail.* Here's a ſinical Fellow, *Jack!* What a brave fair-weather Captain of a Ship he wou'd make!

2 *Sail.* He a Captain of a Ship! it muſt be when the's in the Dock then; for he looks like one of thoſe that get the King's Commiſſions for Hulls to tell a Kings Ship, when a brave Fellow has fought her almoſt to a long-boat.

1 *Sail.* On my Conſcience then, *Jack*, that's the reaſon our Bully *Tar*, ſunk our Ship: not only that the *Dutch* might not have her, but that the Courtiers, who laugh at wooden Legs, might not make her Prize.

2 *Sail.* A Pox of his ſinking, *Tom*, we have made a baſe, broken, ſhort Voyage of it.

1 *Sail.* Ay, your briſk dealers in Honour, always make quick returns with their Ship to the Dock, and their men to the Hoſpitals; 'tis, let me ſee, juſt a Month ſince we ſet out of the River, and the Wind was almoſt as croſs to us, as the *Dutch*.

2 *Sail.* Well, I forgive him ſinking my own poor Truck, if he wou'd but have given me time and leave to have ſav'd black *Kate* of *Wapping*'s ſmall Venture.

1 *Sail.* Faith I forgive him, ſince, as the Purſer told me, he ſunk the value of five or ſix thouſand pound of his own, with which he was to ſettle himſelf ſomewhere in the *Indies*, for our merry Lieutenant was to ſucceed him in his Commiſſion for the Ship back, for he was reſolv'd never to return again for *England*.

2 *Sail.* So it ſeemed, by his Fighting.

1 *Sail.* No, but he was aweary of this ſide of the World here, they ſay.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or elſe he wou'd not have bid ſo fair for a paſſage into t'other.

1 *Sail. Jack*, thou think'ſt thy ſelf in the Forecaſtle, thou'rt ſo waggiſh; but I tell you then, he had a mind to go live and bask himſelf on the ſunny ſide of the Globe.

2 *Sail.* What, out of any diſcontent? for he's always as dogged, as an old Tarpaulin, when hindred of a Voyage by a young Pantaloon Captain.

1 *Sail.* 'Tis true, I never ſaw him pleas'd but in the Fight, and then he look'd like one of us, coming from the Pay-table, with a new Lining to our Hats under our Arms.

2 *Sail.* A Pox he's like the *Bay* of *Biſcay*, rough and angry, let the Wind blow where 'twill.

1 *Sail.* Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the Land in a Storm, No-near——

2 *Sail.* 'Tis a hurry durry Blade, doſt thou remember after, we had tugg'd hard the old leaky Long-boat, to ſave his life, when I welcom'd him aſhore, he gave me a box on the ear, and call'd me fawning Watch-dog.

Enter Manly *and* Freeman.

1 *Sail.* Hold thy peace, *Jack*, and ſtand by, the foul weather's coming!

Man. You Raſcal, Dogs, how cou'd this tame thing get through you?

1 *Sail.* Faith, to tell your Honour the truth, we were at Hob in the Hall, and whilst my Brother and I were quarrelling about a Cast, he slunk by us.

2 *Sail.* He's a sneaking Fellow I warrant for't.

Man. Have more care for the future, you Slaves; go, and with drawn Cutlaces, stand at the Stair-foot, and keep all that ask for me from coming up; suppose you are guarding the Scuttle to the Powder-room: let none enter here, at your or their peril.

1 *Sail.* No, for the danger wou'd be the same; you wou'd blow them and us up, if we shou'd.

2 *Sail.* Must no one come to you, Sir?

Man. No man, Sir.

1 *Sail.* No man, Sir; but a Woman then, an't like your Honour——

Man. No Woman neither, you impertinent Dog. Wou'd you be Pimping? A Sea Pimp is the strangest Monster she has.

2 *Sail.* Indeed, an't like your Honour, 'twill be hard for us to deny a Woman any thing, since we are so newly come on shore.

1 *Sail.* Well, let no old Woman come up, though it were our Trusting Landlady at *Wapping*.

Man. Wou'd you be witty, you Brandy Casks you? you become a jest as ill, as you do a Horse. Be gone, you Dogs, I here a noise on the Stairs. [*Ex.* Sailors.

Free. Faith, I am sorry you wou'd let the Fop go, I intended to have had some sport with him.

Man. Sport with him! A Pox then, why did you not stay? you shou'd have enjoy'd your Coxcomb, and had him to your self for me.

Free. No, I shou'd not have car'd for him, without you neither; for the pleasure which Fops afford, is like that of Drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a Fool like a Bottle, which wou'd make you merry in Company, will make you dull alone. But how the Devil cou'd you turn a man of his Quality down Stairs? You use a Lord with very little Ceremony, it seems.

Man. A Lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value Fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsick worth; but counterfeit Honour will not be current with me, I weigh the man, not his Title; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the Metal better, or heavier: your Lord is a Leaden shilling, which you may bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears instead of being rais'd by't: Here again, you Slaves?

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Only to receive farther instructions, an't like your Honour: What if a man shou'd bring you Money, shou'd we turn him back?

Man. All men, I say; must I be pester'd with you too? you Dogs, away.

2 *Sail.* Nay, I know one man your Honour wou'd not have us hinder coming to you, I'm sure.

Man. Who's that? speak quickly Slaves.

2 *Sail.* Why, a man that shou'd bring you a Challenge; for though you refuse Money, I'm sure you love fighting too well to refuse that.

Man. Rogue, Rascal, Dog. [*Kicks the* Sailors *out.*

Free. Nay, let the poor Rogues have their Forecastle jests; they cannot help 'em in a Fight, scarce when a Ship's sinking.

Man.

Man. Dam their untimely jests; a Servants jest is more saucineſs than his counſel.

Free. But what, will you ſee no Body? not your Friends?

Man. Friends——I have but one, and he, I hear, is not in Town; nay, can have but one Friend, for a true heart admits but of one friendſhip, as of one love; but in having that Friend, I have a thouſand, for he has the courage of men in deſpair, yet the diffidency and caution of Cowards; the ſecreſie of the revengeful, and the conſtancy of Martyrs: one fit to adviſe, to keep a ſecret: to fight and die for his Friend. Such I think him; for I have truſted him with my Miſtreſs in my abſence: and the truſt of Beauty, is ſure the greateſt we can ſhew.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone? (I hope) pray what d'ye think of me for a Friend?

Man. Of thee! Why, thou art a *Latitudinarian* in Friendſhip, that is no Friend; thou doſt ſide with all Mankind, but wilt ſuffer for none. Thou art indeed like your Lord *Plauſible*, the Pink of Courteſie, therefore haſt no Friendſhip; for Ceremony, and great Profeſſing, renders Friendſhip as much ſuſpected, as it does Religion.

Free. And no profeſſing, no Ceremony at all in Friendſhip, were as unnatural and as undecent as in Religion; and there is hardly ſuch a thing as an honeſt Hypocrite, who profeſſes himſelf to be worſe than he is, unleſs it be your ſelf; for, though I cou'd never get you to ſay you were my Friend, I know you'll prove ſo.

Man. I muſt confeſs, I am ſo much your Friend, I wou'd not deceive you, therefore muſt tell you (not only becauſe my heart is taken up) but according to your Rules of Friendſhip, I cannot be your Friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Becauſe he that is (you'll ſay) a true Friend to a man, is a Friend to all his Friends; but you muſt pardon me, I cannot wiſh well to Pimps, Flatterers, Detracters, and Cowards, ſtiff nodding Knaves, and ſupple pliant kiſſing Fools: now, all theſe I have ſeen you uſe, like the deareſt Friends in the World.

Free. Hah, hah, hah——What, you obſerv'd me, I warrant, in the Galleries at *Whitehall*, doing the buſineſs of the place! Pſhaw, Court-profeſſions, like Court-promiſes, go for nothing, man! but, Faith, cou'd you think I was a Friend to all thoſe I hugg'd, kiſs'd, flatter'd, bow'd to? Hah, ha———.

Man. You told 'em ſo, and ſwore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turn'd, did I not tell you they were Rogues, Villains, Raſcals whom I deſpis'd, and hated?

Man. Very fine! But what reaſon had I to believe you ſpoke your heart to me, ſince you profeſs'd deceiving ſo many?

Free. Why, don't you know, good Captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a man that would thrive in the World, as ſquare Play to a Cheat, or true Love to a Whore! Wou'd you have a man ſpeak truth to his ruine? You are ſeverer than the Law, which requires no man to ſwear againſt himſelf; you wou'd have me ſpeak truth againſt my ſelf, I warrant, and tell my promiſing Friend, the Courtier, he has a bad memory?

Man. Yes.

Free.

Free. And so make him remember to forget my business; and I shou'd tell the great Lawyer too, that he takes other fees to hold his tongue, than to speak!

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang, or ruine me, when he shou'd come to be a Judge, and I before him. And you wou'd have me tell the new Officer, who bought his Employment lately, that he is a Coward.

Man. Ay.

Free. And so get my self cashier'd, not him, he having the better Friends, though I the better Sword. And I shou'd tell the Scribler of Honour, that Heraldry were a prettier and fitter Study, for so fine a Gentleman, than Poetry?

Man. Certainly.

Free. And so find my self maul'd in his next hir'd Lampoon. And you wou'd have me tell the holy Lady too, she lies with her Chaplain.

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And so draw the Clergy upon my back, and want a good Table to Dine at sometimes. And by the same reason too, I shou'd tell you that the World thinks you a Mad man, a Brutal, and have you cut my Throat, or worse, hate me! What other good success of all my *Plain-dealing* cou'd I have, than what I've mentioned?

Man. Why, first your promising Courtier wou'd keep his word out of fear of more reproaches; or at least wou'd give you no more vain hopes: your Lawyer wou'd serve you more faithfully; for he, having no Honour but his Interest, is truest still to him he knows suspects him: The new Officer wou'd provoke thee to make him a Coward, and so be cashier'd, that thou, or some other honest Fellow, who had more courage than money, might get his place: the Noble Sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his Madrigals: the praying Lady wou'd leave off railing at wenching before thee, and not turn away her Chamber-maid, for her own known frailty with thee: And I instead of hating thee, shou'd love thee, for thy *Plain-dealing*; and in lieu of being mortifi'd, am proud that the World and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, Doctors differ. You are for *Plain-dealing*, I find; but against your particular Notions, I have the practice of the whole World. Observe but any Morning what people do when they get together on the *Exchange*; in *Westminster-Hall*, or the Galleries in *Whitehall*.

Man. I must confess, there they seem to rehearse *Beys*'s grand Dance: here you see a Bishop bowing low to a gaudy Atheist; a Judge to a Door-keeper; a great Lord, to a Fishmonger, or a Scrivener with a Jack-chain about his neck; a Lawyer, to a Sergeant at Arms; a velvit Physician, to a thred-bare Chymist: and a supple Gentleman Usher, to a surley Beef-eater; and so tread round in a pompous huddle of Ceremony to each other, whil'st they can hardly hold their solemn fatte Countenances.

Free. Well, they understand the World.

Man. Which I do not, I confess.

Free. But, Sir, pray believe the Friendship I promise you, real, whatsoever I have profest to others: try me, at least.

Man.

Man. Why, what wou'd you do for me?

Free. I wou'd fight for you.

Man. That you wou'd do for your own Honour, but what elſe?

Free. I wou'd lend you Money if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were but putting your Money to intereſt, an Uſurer wou'd be as good a Friend. But what other piece of Friendſhip?

Free. I wou'd ſpeak well of you to your Enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your Friends, by a ſhew of gratitude: but what elſe?

Free. Nay, I wou'd not hear you ill ſpoken of behind your back, by my Friend.

Man. Nay, then thou'rt a Friend indeed; but it were unreaſonable to expect it from thee, as the World goes now: when new Friends, like new Miſtreſſes, are got by diſparaging old ones.

Enter Fidelia.

But here comes another, will ſay as much at leaſt, doſt not thou love me deviliſhly too, my little Voluntier, as well as he, or any man can?

Fid. Better than any man can love you, my dear Captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you ſo.

Fid. As well as you do Truth or Honour, Sir; as well.

Man. Nay, good young Gentleman, enough, for ſhame; thou haſt been a Page, by thy Flattering and Lying, to one of thoſe praying Ladies, who love Flattery ſo well, they are jealous of it, and wert turn'd away for ſaying the ſame things to the old Houſe-keeper for ſweet-meats, as you did to your Lady; for thou flattereſt every thing, and every body alike.

Fid. You, dear Sir, ſhou'd not ſuſpect the truth of what I ſay of you, though to you; Fame, the old Lyar, is believ'd when ſhe ſpeaks wonders of you; you cannot be flattered, Sir, your Merit is unſpeakable.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, or I ſhall ſuſpect worſe of you, that you have been a Cuſhion-bearer to ſome State Hypocrite, and turn'd away by the Chaplains, for out-flattering their Probation Sermons for a Benefice.

Fid. Suſpect me for any thing, Sir, but the want of Love, Faith, and Duty to you, the braveſt, worthieſt of Mankind; believe me, I cou'd die for you, Sir.

Man. Nay, there you lye, Sir; did I not ſee thee more afraid in the Fight, than the Chaplain of the Ship, or the Purſer that bought his Place?

Fid. Can he be ſaid to be afraid, that ventures to Sea with you?

Man. Fie, fie, no more, I ſhall hate thy Flattery worſe than thy Cowardiſe, nay, than thy Bragging.

Fid. Well, I own then I was afraid; mightily afraid; yet for you I wou'd be afraid again, an hundred times afraid: dying is ceaſing to be afraid, and that I cou'd do ſure for you, and you'll believe me one day. [*Weeps.*

Free. Poor Youth! believe his Eyes, if not his Tongue: he ſeems to ſpeak truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry. A Pox on't, a Maudlin Flatterer is as nauſeouſly troubleſome, as a Maudlin Drunkard; no more, you little Milk-ſop, do not

not cry, I'll never make thee afraid again; for all men, if I had occasion, thou shoud'st not be my Second; and, when I go to Sea again, thou shalt venture thy life no more with me.

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then?

(If you wou'd preserve my life, I'm sure you shou'd not.) [*Aside.*

Man. Leave thee behind! Ay, ay, thou art a hopeful Youth for the shore only; here thou wilt live to be cherish'd by Fortune, and the great ones; for thou may'st easily come to out-flatter a dull Poet, out-lie a Coffee-house, or Gazet-writer, out-swear a Knight of the Post, out-watch a Pimp, out-fawn a Rook, out-promise a Lover, out-rail a Wit, and out-brag a Sea-Captain: All this thou canst do, because thou'rt a Coward, a thing I hate, therefore thou'l't do better with the World than with me, and these are the good courses you must take in the World. There's good advice, at least, at parting; go, and be happy with't.

Fid. Parting, Sir! O let me not hear that dismal word.

Man. If my words frighten thee, be gone the sooner; for to be plain with thee, Cowardise and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And Cruelty and Courage never dwelt together sure, Sir. Do not turn me off to shame and misery; for I am helpless and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score Friends for thee then; [*Offers her Gold*] I leave my self no more: they'll help thee a little. Be gone, go, I must be cruel to thee (if thou call'st it so) out of pity.

Fid. If you wou'd be cruelly pitiful, Sir, let it be with your Sword, and not Gold. [*Exit.*

Enter first Sailor.

1 *Sail.* We have, with much ado, turn'd away two Gentlemen, who told us forty times over, their names were Mr. *Novel*, and Major *Oldfox*.

Man. Well, to your Post again. [*Exit* Sailor.

But how come those Puppies coupled always together?

Free. O, the Coxcombs keep each other company, to shew each other as *Novel* calls it; or, as *Oldfox* says, like two Knives, to whet one another.

Man. And set other Peoples teeth an edge.

Enter second Sailor.

2 *Sail.* Here is a Woman, an't like your Honour, scolds and bustles with us, to come in, as much as a Seamans Widow at the *Navy-Office*: her name is Mrs. *Blackacre*.

Man. That Fiend too!

Free. The Widow *Blackacre*, is it not? that Litigious She-Petty-fogger, who is at Law and difference with all the World; but I wish I cou'd make her agree with me in the Church: they say she has Fifteen hundred pounds a Year Joynture, and the care of her Son, that is, the Destruction of his Estate.

Man. Her Lawyers, Attornies and Solicitors have Fifteen hundred pound a Year, whil'st she is contented to be poor, to make other People so; for she is as vexatious as her Father was, the great Attorney, nay, as a dozen *Norfolk* Attorneys, and as implacable an Adversary, as a Wife suing for Alimony, or a Parson for his Tiths; and she loves an *Easter*-Term, or any Term, not as, other Country Ladies do, to come up to be fine, Cuckold their Husbands,

and

and take their pleaſure; for ſhe has no pleaſure, but in vexing others, and is uſually cloath'd and dagled like a Bawd in diſguiſe, purſu'd through Alleys by Serjeants. When ſhe is in Town, ſhe lodges in one of the Inns of Chancery, where ſhe breeds her Son, and is her ſelf his Tutoreſs in Law-French; and for her Country-abode, tho' ſhe has no Eſtate there, ſhe chuſes *Norfolk*. But, bid her come in, with a pox to her; ſhe is *Olivia*'s Kinſwoman, and may make me amends for her viſit, by ſome diſcourſe of that dear Woman. [*Exit* Sailor.

Enter Widow Blackacre *with a Mantle, and a green Bag, and ſeveral Papers in the other hand:* Jerry Blackacre *her Son, in a Gown, laden with green Bags, following her.*

Wid. I never had ſo much to do with a Judges Door-keeper, as with yours; but———

Man. But the incomparable *Olivia*, how does ſhe ſince I went?

Wid. Since you went, my Suit———

Man. Olivia, I ſay, is ſhe well?

Wid. My Suit, if you had not return'd———

Man. Dam your Suit, how does your Couſin *Olivia?*

Wid. My Suit, I ſay, had been quite loſt; but now——

Man. But now where is *Olivia?* in Town? For———

Wid. For to morrow we are to have a Hearing.

Man. Wou'd you'd let me have a Hearing to day.

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no Judge, and you talk of nothing but Suits; but, pray tell me, when did you ſee *Olivia?*

Wid. I am no Viſiter, but a Woman of buſineſs; or if I ever viſit, 'tis only the *Chancery-lane* Ladies, Ladies towards the Law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing Flirts, who cannot read Law-French, tho' a Gallant writ it. But, as I was telling you, my Suit——

Man. Dam theſe impertinent, vexatious people of Buſineſs, of all Sexes; they are ſtill troubling the World with the tedious recitals of their Law-Suits: and one can no more ſtop their mouths, than a Wit's, when he talks of himſelf; or an Intelligencer's, when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a Pox of all vexatious impertinent Lovers; they are ſtill perplexing the World with the tedious Narrations of their Love-Suits, and Diſcourſes of their Miſtreſſes: you are as troubleſom to a poor Widow of Buſineſs, as a young Coxcomb Riming Lover.

Man. And thou art as troubleſom to me, as a Rook to a loſing Gameſter, or a young putter of Caſes to his Miſtreſs and Sempſtreſs, who has love in her head for another.

Wid. Nay, ſince you talk of putting of Caſes, and will not hear me ſpeak, hear our *Jerry* a little; let him put our Caſe to you, for the Tryal's to morrow; and ſince you are my chief Witneſs, I wou'd have your memory refreſh'd, and your judgment inform'd, that you may not give your Evidence improperly. Speak out, Child.

Jer. Yes, forſooth. Hemh! Hemh! *John-a-Stiles*——

Man. You may talk, young Lawyer, but I ſhall no more mind you, than a hungry Judge does a Cauſe, after the Clock has ſtruck One.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peeviſh too.

Wid. No matter. *Jerry*, go on. Do you obſerve it then, Sir, for I think I have ſeen you in a Gown once. Lord, I cou'd hear our *Jerry* put Caſes all day long! Mark him, Sir.

Jer. John-a-Stiles——no——There are firſt, *Fitz*, *Pere*, and *Ayle*; —— No, no, *Ayle*, *Pere*, and *Fitz*; *Ayle* is ſeized in Fee of *Blackacre*; *John-a-Stiles* diſſeiſes *Ayle*; *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Diſſeiſor dies; then the *Ayle*—— no the *Fitz*.

Wid. No, the *Pere*, Sirrah.

Jer. O, the *Pere*: ay, the *Pere*, Sir, and the *Fitz*—— no, the *Ayle*; no, the *Pere* and the *Fitz*, Sir, and——

Man. Dam *Pere*, *Mere* and *Fitz*, Sir.

Wid. No, you are out, Child; hear me, Captain, then; there are *Ayle*, *Pere* and *Fitz*, *Ayle* is ſeiſed in Fee of *Blackacre*; and being ſo ſeiſed, *John-a-Stiles* diſſeiſes the *Ayle*, *Ayle* makes Claim, and the diſſeiſor dies; and then the *Pere* re-enters, the *Pere*, Sirrah, the *Pere*—[*To* Jerry.] And the *Fitz* enters upon the *Pere*, and the *Ayle* brings his Writ of Diſſeizen, in the *Poſt*; and the *Pere* brings his Writ of Diſſenzen, in the *Pere*, and——

Man. Canſt thou hear this ſtuff, *Freeman*? I cou'd as ſoon ſuffer a whole noiſe of Flatterers at a great mans Levy in the morning; but thou haſt ſervile complacency enough to liſten to a quibling Stateſman, in diſgrace, nay, and be before-hand with him, in laughing at his dull No-jeſt; but I——

[*Offering to go out.*

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold. Where's the *Sub-pœna*, *Jerry*? I muſt ſerve you, Sir. You are requir'd, by this, to give your teſtimony——

Man. I'le be forſworn, to be reveng'd on thee. [*Ex.* Manley *throwing away the* Sub-pœna.

Wid. Get you gone, for a Lawleſs companion. Come, *Jerry*, I had almoſt forgot we were to meet at the Maſters at three: let us mind our buſineſs ſtill, Child.

Jer. I, forſooth, e'en ſo let's.

Free. Nay, Madam, now I wou'd beg you to hear me a little, a little of my buſineſs.

Wid. I have buſineſs of my own calls me away, Sir.

Free. My buſineſs wou'd prove yours too, dear Madam.

Wid. Yours wou'd be ſome ſweet buſineſs, I warrant: What, 'tis no *Weſtminſter-Hall* buſineſs? wou'd you have my advice?

Free. No, faith, 'tis a little *Weſtminſter-Abby* buſineſs: I wou'd have your conſent.

Wid. O fy, fy, Sir; to me ſuch diſcourſe, before my dear Minor there!

Jer. Ay, ay, Mother, he wou'd be taking Livery and Seizen of your Jointure, by digging the Turf; but I'll watch your waters, Bully, i'fac. Come away, Mother. [*Ex.* Jerry, *hailing away his Mother.*

Manet

Manet Freeman: *Enter to him* Fidelia.

Fid. Dear Sir, you have pity; beget but some in your Captain for me

Free. Where is he?

Fid. Within; swearing, as much as he did in the great Storm, and curling you, and sometimes sinks into calms and sighs, and talks of his *Olivia*.

Free. He wou'd never trust me to see her: is she handsom?

Fid. No, if you'll take my word; but I am not a proper Judge.

Free. What is she?

Fid. A Gentlewoman, I suppose, but of as mean a Fortune as Beauty; but her Relations wou'd not suffer her to go with him to the *Indies*: and his aversion to this side of the World, together with the late opportunity of commanding the Convoy, wou'd not let him stay here longer, tho' to enjoy her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid. Yes, so well, that the remainder of his Fortune (I hear about five or six thousand pounds) he has left her, in case he had dy'd by the way, or before she cou'd prevail with her Friends to follow him, which he expected she shou'd do; and has left behind him his great bosom-Friend to be her Convoy to him.

Free. What Charms has she for him, if she be not handsom?

Fid. He fancies her, I suppose, the only Woman of Truth and Sincerity in the World.

Free. No Common Beauty, I confess.

Fid. Or else sure he wou'd not have trusted her with so great a share of his Fortune, in his absence; I suppose, (since his late loss) all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own custody?

Fid. I am told so.

Free. Then he has shewed Love to her indeed, in leaving her, like an old Husband that dies as soon as he has made his Wife a good Jointure; but I'll go in to him, and speak for you, and know more from him of his *Olivia*.

[*Exit.*

Manet Fidelia *sola.*

Fid. His *Olivia* indeed, his happy *Olivia*,
Yet she was left behind, when I was with him;
But she was ne'er out of his mind or heart.
She has told him she lov'd him; I have shew'd it,
And durst not tell him so, till I had done,
Under this habit, such convincing Acts
Of loving Friendship for him, that through it
He first might find out both my Sex and Love;
And, when I'd have him from his fair *Olivia*,
And this bright World of artful Beauties here,
Might then have hop'd, he wou'd have look'd on me
Amongst the sooty *Indians*; and I cou'd
To choose there live his Wife, where Wives are forc'd
To live no longer, when their Husbands die.
Nay, what's yet worse, to share 'em whil'st they live
With many Rival Wives. But here he comes,

And I muſt yet keep out of his ſight, not
To loſe it for ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Manly *and* Freeman.

Free. But what ſtrange Charms has ſhe that cou'd make you love?

Man. Strange Charms indeed! She has Beauty enough to call in queſtion her Wit or Vertue, and her Form wou'd make a ſtarved Hermit a Raviſher; yet her Vertue, and Conduct, wou'd preſerve her from the ſubtil Luſt of a pamper'd Prelate. She is ſo perfect a Beauty, that Art cou'd not better it, nor Affection deform it; yet all this is nothing. Her tongue as well as face, ne'r knew artifice: nor ever did her words or looks contradict her heart: She is all truth, and hates the lying, masking, daubing World, as I do; for which I love her, and for which I think ſhe diſlikes not me: for ſhe has often ſhut out of her converſation for mine, the gaudy fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes, and Ecchoes of men only, and refus'd their common place pert, chat, flattery, and ſubmiſſions, to be entertain'd with my ſullen bluntneſs, and honeſt love. And, laſt of all, ſwore to me, ſince her Parents wou'd not ſuffer her to go with me, ſhe wou'd ſtay behind for no other man; but follow me, without their leave, if not to be obtain'd. Which Oath——

Free. Did you think ſhe wou'd keep?

Man. Yes; for ſhe is not (I tell you) like other Women, but can keep her promiſe, tho' ſhe has ſworn to keep it; but, that ſhe might the better keep it, I left her the value of five or ſix thouſand pounds: for Womens wants are generally their moſt importunate Solicitors to Love or Marriage.

Free. And Money ſummons Lovers, more than Beauty, and augments but their importunity, and their number; ſo makes it the harder for a Woman to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the *French* Maxim, If you wou'd have your Female Subjects Loyal, keep 'em poor: but, in ſhort, that your Miſtreſs may not marry, you have given her a Portion.

Man. She had given me her heart firſt, and I am ſatisfied with the ſecurity; I can never doubt her truth and conſtancy.

Free. It ſeems you do, ſince you are fain to bribe it with Money. But how come you to be ſo diffident of the Man that ſays he loves you, and not doubt the Woman that ſays it?

Man. I ſhou'd (I confeſs) doubt the Love of any other Woman but her, as I do the friendſhip of any other Man but him I have truſted; but I have ſuch proofs of their faith, as cannot deceive me.

Free. Cannot!

Man. Not but I know, that generally, no man can be a great Enemy, but under the name of Friend; and if you are a Cuckold, it is your Friend only that makes you ſo; for your Enemy is not admitted to your houſe: if you are cheated in your Fortune, 'tis your Friend that does it; for your Enemy is not made your Truſtee: if your Honour, or Good Name be injur'd, 'tis your Friend that does it ſtill, becauſe your Enemy is not believ'd againſt you. Therefore I rather chuſe to go where honeſt, downright Barbarity is profeſt, where men devour one another like generous hungry Lions and Tygers, not like Crocodiles; where they think the Devil white, of our complexion, and I am already ſo far an *Indian*: but if your weak faith doubts this

miracle

miracle of a Woman, come along with me, and believe, and thou wilt find her so handsom, that thou, who art so much my Friend, wilt have a mind to lie with her, and so will not fail to discover what her Faith and thine is to me.

When we're in Love, the great Adversity,
Our Friends and Mistresses at once we try.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Olivia's *Lodging.*

Enter Olivia, Eliza, Lettice.

Oliv. AH Cousin, what a World 'tis we live in! I am so weary of it.

Eliz. Truly, Cousin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot always live in't; for I can never be weary of it.

Oliv. O hideous! you cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you like the filthy World.

Eliz. You cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you dislike it.

Oliv. You are a very censorious Creature, I find.

Eliz. I must confess I think we Women as often discover where we love by railing; as men when they lye, by their swearing; and the World is but a constant keeping Gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with, when any thing crosses us, yet cannot part with't for our hearts.

Let. A Gallant indeed, Madam, whom Ladies first make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being so, for if, by her indiscretion, a Lady be talk'd of for a Man, she cries presently, *'Tis a Censorious World*; if, by her vanity, the Intrigue be found out, *'Tis a prying malicious World*; and if, by her over-fondness, the Gallant proves unconstant, *'Tis a false World*; and if, by her nigardliness, the Chamber-maid tells, *'Tis a perfideous World*: but that, I'm sure, your Ladyship cannot say of the World yet, as bad as 'tis.

Oliv. But I may say, *'Tis a very impertinent World.* Hold your peace. And, Cousin, if the World be a Gallant, 'tis such an one as is my aversion. Pray name it no more.

Eliz. But is it possible the World, which has such variety of Charms for other Women, can have none for you? Let's see——first, what d'ye think of Dressing, and fine Cloaths?

Oliv. Dressing! Fie, fie, 'tis my aversion. But, come hither, you Dowdy; methinks you might have open'd this Toure better: O hideous! I cannot suffer it! d'ye see how't sits?

Eliz. Well enough, Cousin, if Dressing be your aversion.

Oliv. 'Tis so: and for variety of rich Cloaths, they are more my aversion.

Let. Ay, 'tis because your Ladyship wears 'em too long; for indeed a Gown, like a Gallant, grows one's aversion, by having too much of it.

Oliv.

Oliv. Insatiable Creature! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three days, Cousin, and within this month have made some six more.

Eliz. Then your aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

Oliv. Alas! 'tis for my Woman only I wear 'em, Cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, Madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliz. But what d'ye think of Visits——Balls——

Oliv. O, I detest 'em.

Eliz. Of Playes.

Oliv. I abominate 'em: filthy, obscene, hideous things.

Eliz. What say you to *Masquerading* in the Winter, and *Hide-park* in the Summer?

Oliv. Insipid pleasures I taste not.

Eliz. Nay, if you are for more solid Pleasures, what think you of a rich young Husband?

Oliv. O horrid! Marriage! what a Pleasure you have found out! I nauseate it of all things.

Let. But what does your Ladyship think then of a liberal, handsom, young Lover?

Oliv. A handsom, young Fellow, you impudent! Be gone, out of my sight, name a handsom young Fellow to me! Foh, a hideous handsom young Fellow I abominate. [*Spits.*

Eliz. Indeed——But let's see——will nothing please you? what d'ye think of the Court?

Oliv. How? the Court! the Court, Cousin! my aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions.

Eliz. How? the Court! where——

Oliv. Where Sincerity is a quality as out of fashion, and as unprosperous, as Bashfulness; I cou'd not laugh at a Quibble, tho' it were a fat Privy Councellor's, nor praise a Lord's ill Verses, tho' I were my self the Subject; nor an old Lady's young looks, tho' I were her Woman; nor sit to a vain young *Simile-maker*, tho' he flatter'd me; in short, I cou'd not glote upon a man when he comes into a Room, and laugh at him when he goes out; I cannot rail at the absent, to flatter the standers by, I——

Eliz. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more Malice, but the fashion, and the absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the present think they're the better for being flatter'd: and for the Court——

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the Court; for you'll make me rail at it, like a trusting Citizen's Widow.

Eliz. Or like a *Holborn* Lady, who cou'd not get into the last Ball, or was out of countenance in the Drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there; for none rail at the Court, but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there; and I shall suspect you were laugh'd at, when you were last there, or wou'd be a Maid of Honour.

Oliv. I a Maid of Honour! To be a Maid of Honour were yet of all things my aversion.

Eliz. In what sense am I to understand you? But, in fine, by the Word Aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew Woman yet that us'd it

it, who did not. Come, our tongues lie by our hearts, more than our Pocket-glasses do our faces; but methinks we ought to leave off dissembling, since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise observers understand us now a-days, as they do Dreams, Almanacks, and *Dutch Gazettes*, by the contrary: And a Man no more believes a Woman, when she says she has an Aversion for him, than when she says she'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy, hideous! Peace, Cousin, or your discourse will be my Aversion; and you may believe me.

Eliz. Yes; for, if any thing be a Womans Aversion, 'tis *Plain-dealing* from another Woman: and perhaps that's your quarrel to the World; for that will talk, as your Woman says.

Oliv. Talk not of me sure; for what Men do I converse with? what Visits do I admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the Gentleman to wait upon you, Madam.

Oliv. On me! you little, unthinking Fop, d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, Madam, 'tis the Gentleman that comes every day to you, who—

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little Animal, and get you gone. This Country-Boy, Cousin, takes my Dancing-Master, Taylor, or the spruce Millener, for Visiters. [*Exit* Boy.

Let. No, Madam, 'tis Mr. *Novel*, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his voice too, Madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you Buffle-headed, stupid Creature you; you wou'd make my Cousin believe I receive Visits: But if it be Mr.——what did you call him?

Let. Mr. *Novel*, Madam, he that——

Oliv. Hold your peace, I'll hear no more of him; but if it be your Mr.—(I can't think of his name again) I suppose he has follow'd my Cousin hither.

Eliz. No, Cousin, I will not rob you of the Honour of the Visit: 'tis to you, Cousin, for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my Honour, Cousin; besides, han't I told you, that Visits, and the business of Visits, Flattery, and Detraction, are my Aversion? D'ye think then I wou'd admit such a Coxcomb as he is? who, rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; and rather than not flatter, will flatter the Poets of the Age, whom none will flatter; who affects Novelty as much as the Fashion; and is as fanstatical as changeable, and as well known as the Fashion; who likes nothing, but what is new; nay, wou'd chuse to have his Friend, or his Title, a new one. In fine, he is my Aversion.

Eliz. I find you do know him, Cousin; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliz. Well; but since he is such a Coxcomb, for Heaven's sake, let him not come up; tell him, Mrs. *Lettice*, your Lady is not within.

Oliv. No, *Lettice*, tell him, my Cousin is here, and that he may come up; for notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his conversation; and tho' I wou'd use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you, in my own Lodging; since he has follow'd you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliz.

Eliz. Very fine! Pray let him go to the Devil, I say, for me: I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. *Lettice.*

Oliv. Upon my word, she shan't: I must disobey your commands, to comply with your desires. Call him up, *Lettice.*

Eliz. Nay, I'll swear she shall not stir on that Errand. [*Holds* Lettice.

Oliv. Well then, I'll call him my self for you, since you will have it so. Mr. *Novel.* [*Calls out at the door*] Sir, Sir.

Enter Novel.

Novel. Madam, I beg your pardon, perhaps you were busie: I did not think you had company with you.

Eliz. Yet he comes to me, Cousin! [*Aside.*

Oliv. Chairs there. [*They sit.*

Nov. Well; but, Madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From some melancholy place I warrant, Sir, since they have lost your good company.

Eliz. So.

Nov. From a place, where they have treated me, at dinner, with so much civility and kindness, a pox on 'em, that I cou'd hardly get away to you, dear Madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new, and obliging, Sir.

Eliz. You hate Flattery, Cousin! [*Apart to* Olivia.

Nov. Nay faith, Madam, d'ye think my way new? then you are obliging, Madam. I must confess, I hate imitation, to do any thing like other people: all that know me, do me the Honour to say, I am an original Faith; but as I was saying, Madam, I have been treated to day, with all the ceremony and kindness imaginable, at my Lady *Autums*; but the nauseous old Woman at the upper end of her Table——

Oliv. Revives the old *Grecian* custom, of serving in a Deaths head with their Banquets.

Nov. Hah! hah! fine, just i'faith; nay, and new: 'tis like eating with the Ghost in the *Libertine*; she wou'd frighten a Man from her dinner, with her hollow invitations, and spoil one's stomack——

Oliv. To Meat or Women, I detest her hollow Cherry-cheeks; she looks like an old Coach new painted: affecting an unseemly smugness, whil'st she is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliz. You hate Detraction I see, Cousin! [*Apart to* Olivia.

Nov. But the silly old Fury, whil'st she affects to look like a Woman of this Age, talks——

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old Courtier, who has out-liv'd his Office.

Nov. Yes, Madam; but pray let me give you her Character. Then she never counts her age by the years, but——

Oliv. By the Masques she has liv'd to see.

Nov. Nay then, Madam, I see you think a little harmless railing too great a pleasure for any but your self, and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you wou'd hear me, Madam.

Oliv.

Oliv. Most patiently: speak, Sir.

Nov. Then, we had her Daughter——

Oliv. Ay, her Daughter, the very disgrace to good cloaths, which she always wears, but to heighten her deformity, not mend it; for she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich Frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, Madam? and can you spare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, Sir.

Nov. Then, she is like——

Oliv. She is, you'd say, like a City Bride, the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty, for her dress.

Nov. Well: yet have you done Madam? Then she——

Oliv. Then she bestows as unfortunately on her Face, all the graces in fashion, as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip, but as the Fool is never more provoking than when he aims at Wit, the ill favour'd of our Sex are never more nauseous than when they wou'd be Beauties, adding to their natural deformity, the artificial uglineſs of affectation.

Eliz. So, Cousin, I find one may have a collection of all one's acquaintances Pictures as well at your house, as at Mr. *Lely's*; only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like; here, much uglier, and like: and you are the first of the profession of Picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do no Body wrong, Cousin.

Eliz. No, You hate flattery and detraction!

Oliv. But, Mr. *Novel*, who had you besides at dinner?

Nov. Nay, the Devil take me if I tell you, unless you will allow me the priviledge of railing in my turn; but, now I think on't, the Women ought to be your province, as the men are mine: and you must know we had him whom——

Oliv. Him, whom——

Nov. What, invading me already? And giving the character, before you know the Man?

Eliz. No, that is not fair, tho' it be usual.

Oliv. I beg your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray, go on.

Nov. Then, I say, we had that familiar Coxcomb, who is at home where-soe're he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that Fool——

Nov. Nay, then Madam, your Servant: I'm gone. Taking a Fool out of ones mouth, is worse than taking the Bread out of ones mouth.

Oliv. I've done, your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray proceed.

Nov. I say, the Rogue, that he may be the only Wit in company, will let no Body else talk, and——

Oliv. Ay, those Fops who love to talk all themselves, are of all things my Aversion.

Nov. Then you'll let me speak, Madam, sure. The Rogue, I say, will force his jest upon you, and I hate a jest that's forc'd upon a Man, as much as a Glass.

Eliz. Why, I hope, Sir, he does not expect a man of your temperance in jesting shou'd do him reason?

Nov. What, interruption from this side too! I must the——

[*Offers to rise,* Olivia *holds him.*

Oliv. No, Sir,——You must know, Cousin, that Fop he means, tho' he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

Nov. But, Madam——

Oliv. He a Wit! hang him, he's only an Adopter of stragling Jests, and fatherless Lampoons; by the credit of which, he eats at good Tables, and so like the barren Beggar-woman lives by borrow'd Children.

Nov. Madam——

Oliv. And never was Author of any thing, but his news; but that is still all his own.

Nov. Madam, pray——

Oliv. An eternal Babler; and makes no more use of his ears, than a Man that sits at a Play by his Mistress, or in Fop-corner: he's, in fine, a base detracting Fellow, and is my aversion. But who else pr'ythee, Mr. *Novel*, was there with you? Nay, you sha'nt stir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, Madam, I cannot stay in any place, where I'm not allow'd a little Christian liberty of railing.

Oliv. Nay, pr'ythee, Mr. *Novel*, stay; and tho' you shou'd rail at me, I wou'd hear you with patience: pr'ythee who else was there with you?

Nov. Your Servant, Madam.

Oliv. Nay, pr'ythee tell us, Mr. *Novel*, pr'ythee do.

Nov. We had no body else.

Oliv. Nay, faith I know you had. Come, my Lord *Plausible* was there too, who is Cousin, a——

Eliz. You need not tell me what he is, Cousin; for I know him to be a civil, good natur'd, harmless Gentleman, that speaks well of all the World, and is always in good humour, and——

Oliv. Hold, Cousin, hold, I hate detraction; but I must tell you, Cousin, his civility, is cowardise; his good nature, want of wit; and has neither courage nor sense to rail: And for his being always in humor, 'tis because he is never dissatisfi'd with himself: In fine, he is my aversion; and I never admit his Visits beyond my Hall.

Nov. No, he visit you! Dam him, cringing, grinning Rogue; if I should see him coming up to you, I wou'd make bold to kick him down again. Ha! ——

Enter my Lord Plausible.

My dear Lord, your most humble Servant.

[*Rises, and salutes* Plausible, *and kisses him.*

Eliz. So, I find kissing and railing succeed each other with the angry Men, as well as with the angry Women; and their quarrels are like Love-quarrels, since absence is the only cause of them; for as soon as the Man appears again, they are over. [*Aside.*

L. Plaus. Your most faithful, humble Servant, generous Mr. *Novel*; and Madam, I am your eternal Slave, and kiss your fair hands; which I had done sooner

ſooner, according to your commands, but——

Oliv. No excuſes, my Lord.

Eliz. What, you ſent for him then, Couſin? [*Apart.*

Nov. Ha! invited! [*Aſide.*

Oliv. I know you muſt divide your ſelf; for your good company is too general a good, to be ingroſs'd by any particular Friend.

L. *Plauſ.* O Lord, Madam, my company! your moſt obliged, faithful, humble Servant; but I cou'd have brought you good company indeed, for I parted at your door with two of the worthieſt, braveſt Men——

Oliv. Who were they, my Lord?

Nov. Who do you call the worthieſt, braveſt men, pray?

L. *Plauſ.* O the wiſeſt, braveſt Gentlemen! Men of ſuch Honour, and Vertue! of ſuch good qualities! ah——

Eliz. This is a Coxcomb, that ſpeaks ill of all people a different way, and libels every body with dull praiſe, and commonly in the wrong place, ſo makes his Panegyricks abuſive Lampoons. [*Aſide.*

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were.

L. *Plauſ.* Ah! ſuch patterns of Heroick Vertue! ſuch——

Nov. Well, but who the Devil were they?

L. *Plauſ.* The Honour of our Nation, the glory of our Age, ah! I cou'd dwell a Twelvemonth on their praiſe; which indeed I might ſpare by telling their Names: Sir *John Current*, and Sir *Richard Court-Title*.

Nov. Court-Title! Hah, ha.

Oliv. And Sir *John Current!* Why will you keep ſuch a Wretch company, my Lord?

L. *Plauſ.* Oh, Madam, ſeriouſly you are a little too ſevere; for he is a Man of unqueſtion'd reputation in every thing.

Oliv. Yes, becauſe he endeavours only with the Women, to paſs for a Man of Courage; and with the Bullies, for a Wit; with the Wits, for a Man of Buſineſs; and with the men of Buſineſs, for a Favourite at Court: and at Court, for good City-ſecurity.

Nov. And for Sir *Richard*, he——

L. *Plauſ.* He loves your choice, pick'd company; perſons that——

Oliv. He loves a Lord indeed; but——

Nov. Pray, dear Madam, let me have but a bold ſtroke or two at his Picture. He loves a Lord, as you ſay, tho'——

Oliv. Tho' he borrow'd his Money, and ne'er paid him again.

Nov. And wou'd beſpeak a place three days before at the back-end of a Lords Coach, to *Hide-Park*.

L. *Plauſ.* Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too ſevere.

Oliv. Then, to ſhew yet more his paſſion for quality, he makes love to that fulſom Coach-load of Honour, my Lady *Goodly*; for he is always at her Lodging.

L. *Plauſ.* Becauſe it is the Conventicle-Gallant, the Meeting-houſe of all the fair Ladies, and glorious Superfine Beauties of the Town.

Nov. Very fine Ladies! there's firſt——

Oliv. Her Honour, as fat as an Hoſteſs.

L. *Plauſ.* She is ſomething plump indeed, a goodly, comely, graceful perſon.

Nov. Then there's my Lady *Frances*, what d'ye call 'er? ugly——

Oliv. As a Citizens lawfully begotten Daughter.

L. *Plauſ.* She has wit in abundance; and the handſomeſt heel, elbow, and ſlip of an ear, you ever ſaw.

Nov. Heel and elbow! hah, ha! And there's my Lady *Betty* you know——

Oliv. As ſluttiſh and ſlatternly, as an *Iriſh* Woman bred in *France*.

L. *Plauſ.* Ah, all ſhe has hangs with a looſe Air indeed, and becoming negligence.

Eliz. You ſee all faults with Lovers eyes, I find, my Lord.

L. *Plauſ.* Ah, Madam, your moſt obliged, faithful, humble Servant to command! But you can ſay nothing ſure againſt the Superfine Miſtreſs——

Oliv. I know who you mean. She is as cenſorious and detracting a Jade, as a ſuperannuated Sinner.

L. *Plauſ.* She has a ſmart way of Railery, 'tis confeſt.

Nov. And then, for Mrs. *Grideline*.

L. *Plauſ.* She I'm ſure is——

Oliv. One that never ſpoke ill of any body, 'tis confeſt; for ſhe is as ſilent in converſation as a Country-Lover, and no better company than a Clock, or a Weather-glaſs; for if ſhe ſounds, 'tis but once an hour, to put you in mind of the time of day, or tell you 'twill be cold or hot, rain or ſnow.

L. *Plauſ.* Ah, poor Creature! ſhe's extreamly good and modeſt.

Nov. And for Mrs. *Bridlechin*, ſhe's——

Oliv. As proud as a Churchman's Wife.

L. *Plauſ.* She's a Woman of great ſpirit and honour, and will not make her ſelf cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs. *Hoyden*, that calls all people by their Sirnames, and is——

Oliv. As familiar a Duck——

Nov. As an Actreſs in the Tyring-room. There I was once before-hand with you, Madam.

L. *Plauſ.* Mrs *Hoyden*? a poor, affable, good-natur'd Soul: But the Divine Mrs. *Triſle* comes thither too: ſure her beauty, vertue, and conduct, you can ſay nothing to.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No!——pray let me ſpeak, Madam.

Oliv. Firſt, can any one be call'd beautiful that ſquints.

L. *Plauſ.* Her eyes languiſh a little, I own.

Nov. Languiſh, hah, ha.

Oliv. Languiſh! Then, for her conduct, ſhe was ſeen at the *Country-Wife*, after the firſt day. There's for you, my Lord.

L. *Plauſ.* But, Madam, ſhe was not ſeen to uſe her Fan all the Play long, turn aſide her head, or by a conſcious blush, diſcover more guilt than modeſty.

Oliv. Very fine! then you think a Woman modeſt, that ſees the hideous *Country-Wife*, without bluſhing, or publiſhing her deteſtation of it? D'ye hear him, Coulin?

Eliz. Yes; and am, I muſt confeſs, ſomething of his opinion, and think that as an over-captious Fool at a Play, by endeavouring to ſhew the Au-

thor's want of Wit, exposes his own to more censure: so may a Lady call her own modesty in question, by publickly cavilling with the Poets; for all those grimaces of honour, and artificial modesty, disparage a Woman's real Vertue, as much as the use of white and red does the natural complexion; and you must use very, very little, if you wou'd have it thought your own.

Oliv. Then you wou'd have a Woman of Honour with passive looks, ears, and tongue, undergo all the hideous obscenity she hears at nasty Plays?

Eliz. Truly I think a Woman betrays her want of modesty, by shewing it publickly in a Play-house, as much as a Man does his want of courage by a quarrel there; for the truly modest and stout say least, and are least exceptious, especially in publick.

Oliv. O hideous! Cousin, this cannot be your opinion; but you are one of those who have the confidence to pardon the filthy Play.

Eliz. Why, what is there of ill in't, say you?

Oliv. O fy, fy, fy, wou'd you put me to the blush anew? call all the blood into my face again? But to satisfie you then, first the clandestine obscenity in the very name of *Horner*.

Eliz. Truly, 'tis so hidden, I cannot find it out, I confess.

Oliv. O horrid! does it not give you the rank conception, or image of a Goat, or Town-Bull, or a Satyr? nay, what is yet a filthier image than all the rest, that of an *Eunuch?*

Eliz. What then? I can think of a Goat, a Bull, or Satyr, without any hurt.

Oliv. I, but, Cousin, one cannot stop there.

Eliz. I can, Cousin.

Oliv. O no; for when you have those filthy creatures in your head once, the next thing you think, is what they do; as their defiling of honest Mens Beds and Couches, Rapes upon sleeping and waking Country-Virgins, under Hedges and on Haycocks: nay, further———

Eliz. Nay, no farther, Cousin, we have enough of your Comment on the Play, which will make me more asham'd than the Play it self.

Oliv. O, believe me, 'tis a filthy Play, and you may take my word for a filthy Play, as soon as anothers; but the filthiest thing in that Play, or any other Play, is———

Eliz. Pray keep it to your self, if it be so.

Oliv. No, faith, you shall know it, I'm resolv'd to make you out of love with the Play, I say, the lewdest, filthiest thing, is his *China*; nay, I will never forget the beastly Author his *China*: he has quite taken away the reputation of poor *China* it self, and sully'd the most innocent and pretty Furniture of a Ladies Chamber; insomuch, that I was fain to break all my defil'd Vessels. You see I have none left; nor you, I hope.

Eliz. You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worse of my *China*, for that of the Play-house.

Oliv. Why, you will not keep any now sure! 'tis now as unfit an ornament for a Ladies Chamber, as the Pictures that come from *Italy*, and other hot Countries, as appears by their nudities, which always cover, or search out, wherefore I find 'em. But *China!* out upon't, filthy *China*, nasty, debauch'd *China!*

Eliz.

Eliz. All this will not put me out of conceit with *China*, nor the Play, which is acted to day, or another of the same beastly Author's, as you call him, which I'll go see.

Oliv. You will not sure! nay, you sha' not venture your reputation by going, and mine by leaving me alone with two men here: nay, you'll disoblige me for ever, if—— [*Pulls her back.*

Eliz. I stay! —your Servant. [*Exit* Eliza.

Oliv. Well—but, my Lord, tho' you justifie every body, you cannot in earnest uphold so beastly a Writer, whose Ink is so smutty, as one may say.

L. *Plaus.* Faith, I dare swear the poor man did not think to disoblige the Ladies, by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious saying in his Play.

Oliv. Foy, my Lord; but what think you, Mr. *Novel*, of the Play? tho' I know you are a Friend to all that are new.

Nov. Faith, Madam, I must confess, the new Plays wou'd not be the worse for my advice, but I cou'd never get the silly Rogues, the Poets, to mind what I say; but I'll tell you what counsel I gave the surly Fool you spake of.

Oliv. What was't?

Nov. Faith, to put this Play in Rithme; for Rithme, you know often makes mystical Nonsence pass with the Criticks for Wit, and a double meaning saying with the Ladies, for soft, tender, and moving passion. But now I talk of passion, I saw your old Lover this morning——Captain—— [*Whispers.*

Enter Captain Manly, Freeman *and* Fidelia *standing behind.*

Oliv. Whom?——nay, you need not whisper.

Man. We are luckily got hither unobserv'd:—How! in a close conversation with these supple Rascals, the Out-casts of Sempstresses shops.

Free. Faith, pardon her, Captain, that since she cou'd no longer be entertain'd with your manly bluntness, and honest love, she takes up with the pert chat and common-place flattery of these fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes and Ecchoes of Men only.

Man. Do not you, Sir, play the Ecchо too, mock me, dally with my own words, and shew your self as impertinent as they are.

Free. Nay, Captain———

Fid. Nay, Lieutenant, do not excuse her, methinks she looks very kindly upon 'em both, and seems to be pleas'd with what that Fool there says to her.

Man. You lye, Sir, and hold your peace, that I may not be provok'd to give you a worse reply.

Oliv. *Manly* return'd, d'ye say! And is he safe?

Nov. My Lord saw him too. Heark you, my Lord. [*Whispers to* Plausible.

Man. She yet seems concern'd for my safety, and perhaps they are admitted now here but for their news of me; for Intelligence indeed is the common Passport of nauseous Fools, when they go their round of good Tables and Houses. [*Aside.*

Oliv. I heard of his fighting only, without particulars, and confess I always lov'd his Brutal courage, because it made me hope it might rid me of his

his more Brutal love.

Man. What's that? [*Apart.*

Oliv. But is he at laſt return'd, d'ye ſay, unhurt?

Nov. Ay faith, without doing his buſineſs; for the Rogue has been theſe two years pretending to a wooden Leg, which he wou'd take from Fortune, as kindly as the Staff of a *Marſhal* of *France*, and rather read his name in a *Gazet*-

Oliv. Than in the Entail of a good Eſtate.

Man. So! ——— [*Aſide.*

Nov. I have an Ambition, I muſt confeſs, of loſing my heart, before ſuch a fair Enemy as your ſelf, Madam, but that ſilly Rogues ſhou'd be ambitious of loſing their Arms, and———

Oliv. Looking like a pair of Compaſſes.

Nov. But he has no uſe of his Arms, but to ſet 'em on Kimbow, for he never pulls off his Hat, at leaſt not to me, I'm ſure; for you muſt know Madam, he has a fanatical hatred to good Company: he can't abide me.

L. Plauſ. O, be not ſo ſevere to him, as to ſay he hates good Company; for I aſſure you, he has a great reſpect, eſteem and kindneſs for me.

Man. That kind, civil Rogue has ſpoken yet ten thouſand times worſe of me, than t'other.

Oliv. Well, if he be return'd, Mr. *Novel*, then ſhall I be peſter'd again with his boiſterous Sea-Love; have my Alcove ſmell like a Cabin, my Chamber perfumed with his Tarpaulin Brandenburge, and hear vollies of Brandy ſighs, enough to make a Fog in ones Room. Foh! I hate a Lover that ſmells like *Thames-ſtreet*.

Man. I can bear no longer, and need hear no more. [*Aſide.*
But, ſince you have theſe two Pulvillio Boxes, theſe Eſſence Bottles, this pair of Musk-Cats here, I hope, I may venture to come yet nearer you.

Oliv. Over-heard us then?

Nov. I hope he heard me not. [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. Moſt noble and Heroick Captain, your moſt oblig'd, faithful, humble Servant.

Nov. Dear Tar, thy humble Servant.

Man. Away——Madam———

Oliv. Nay, I think I have fitted you for liſtning.

[*Thruſts* Novel *and* Plauſible *on each ſide.*

Man. You have fitted me, for believing you cou'd not be fickle, tho' you were young; cou'd not diſſemble Love, tho' 'twas your intereſt; nor be vain, tho' you were handſom; nor break your promiſe, tho' to a parting Lover; nor abuſe your beſt Friend, tho' you had Wit: but I take not your contempt of me worſe, than your eſteem, or civility for theſe things here, tho' you know 'em.

Nov. Things!

L. Plauſ. Let the Captain Railly a little.

Man. Yes, things; canſt thou be angry, thou thing?

[*Coming up to* Novel.

Nov. No, ſince my Lord ſays you ſpeak in Raillery; for though your Sea-raillery be ſomething rough, yet I confeſs, we uſe one another to as bad every day,

day, at *Lockets*, and never quarrel for the matter.

L. Plauſ. Nay, noble Captain, be not angry with him: a word with you, I beſeech you——— *Whiſp. to* Manly.

Oliv. Well, we Women, like the reſt of the Cheats of the World, when our Cullies or Creditors have found us out, and will, or can truſt no longer, pay Debts, and ſatisfie Obligations, with a quarrel, the kindeſt Preſent a Man can make to his Miſtreſs, when he can make no more Preſents: for often-times in love, as at Cards, we are forc'd to play foul, only to give over the game; and uſe our Lovers like the Cards, when we can get no more by 'em, throw 'em up in a pet, upon the firſt diſpute. [*Aſide.*

Man. My Lord, all that you have made me know by your whiſpering, which I knew not before, is, that you have a ſtinking breath, there's a ſecret, for your ſecret.

L. Plauſ. Pſhaw! Pſhaw!

Man. But, Madam, tell me, pray, what was't about this Spark, cou'd take you? was it the merit of his faſhionable Impudence, the briskneſs of his noiſe, the wit of his laugh, his Judgment: or fancy in his garniture? or was it a well-trim'd Glove, or the Scent of it that charm'd you?

Nov. Very well, Sir, 'gad theſe Sea-Captains make nothing of dreſſing: but let me tell you, Sir, a man by his dreſs, as much as by any thing, ſhews his wit and judgment, nay, and his courage too.

Free. How, his courage, Mr. *Novel*?

Nov. Why, for example, by red breeches, tuck'd up Hair and Perruke, a greaſie Broad-Belt, and now adays a ſhort Sword.

Man. Thy courage will appear more by thy Belt, than thy Sword, I dare ſwear. Then, Madam, for this gentle piece of courteſie, this man of tame Honour, what cou'd you find in him? was it his languiſhing affected tone? his mannerly look? his ſecond-hand flatterly? the refuſe of the Play-houſe tiring-rooms? or his ſlaviſh obſequiouſneſs, in watching at the door of your Box at the Play-Houſe, for your hand to your Chair? or his janty way of playing with your Fan? or was it the Gun-powder ſpot on his hand, or the Jewel in his ear, that purchas'd your Heart?

Oliv. Good jealous Captain, no more of your———

L. Plauſ. No, let him go on, Madam, for perhaps he may make you laugh: and I wou'd contribute to your pleaſure any way.

Man. Gentle Rogue!

Oliv. No, noble Captain, you cannot ſure think any thing cou'd take me more than that heroick Title of yours, Captain; for you know we Women love honour inordinately.

Nov. Hah, ha, faith ſhe has with thee, Bully, for thy Railery.

Man. Faith ſo ſhall I be with you, no-Bully, for your grinning.

[*Aſide to* Novel.

Oliv. Then that noble Lyon-like mein of yours, that Soldier-like weather-beaten complexion, and that manly roughneſs of your voice; how can they otherwiſe than charm us Women, who hate Effeminacy!

Nov. Hah, ha! Faith I can't hold from laughing.

Man. Nor ſhall I from kicking anon——— [*Aſide to* Novel.

Oliv.

Oliv. And then, that Captain-like careleſneſs in your dreſs, but eſpecially your Scarf; 'twas juſt ſuch another, only a little higher ty'd, made me in love with my Taylor as he paſt by my Window the laſt Training-day; for we Women adore a Martial Man, and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden Leg.

L. *Plauſ.* Nay, i'faith, there your Ladyſhip was a Wag, and it was fine, juſt, and well Railly'd.

Nov. Ay, ay, Madam, with you Ladies too, Martial Men muſt needs be very killing.

Man. Peace, you *Bartholomew-Fair Buffoons*; and be not you vain that theſe laugh on your ſide, for they will laugh at their own dull jeſts; but no more of 'em, for I will only ſuffer now this Lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You wou'd not have your Panegyrick interrupted. I go on then to your humour. Is there any thing more agreeable, than the prettie ſullenneſs of that? than the greatneſs of your courage? which moſt of all appears in your ſpirit of contradiction, for you dare give all Mankind the lye; and your opinion is your only Miſtreſs, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another Mans.

Nov. Hah, hah! I cannot hold, I muſt laugh at thee Tar, faith!

L. *Plauſ.* And i'faith, dear Captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too, tho' I proteſt I mean you no hurt; but, when a Lady Raillies, a ſtander by muſt be complaiſant, and do her reaſon in laughing: Hah, ha.

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful Wretches, you preſume ſure upon your Effeminacy to urge me; for you are in all things ſo like Women, that you may think it in me a kind of Cowardice to beat you.

Oliv. No Hectoring, good Captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this Ladies preſence ſecures you; but have a care, ſhe has talk'd her ſelf out of all the reſpect I had for her; and by uſing me ill before you, has given me a priviledge of uſing you ſo before her; but if you wou'd preſerve your reſpect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, be gone immediately.

Nov. Be gone! what?

L. *Plauſ.* Nay, worthy, noble, generous Captain.

Man. Be gone, I ſay.

Nov. Be gone again! to us be gone!

Man. No chattering, Baboons, inſtantly be gone. Or——

[*Manly puts 'em out of the Room: Novel ſtruts, Plauſible cringes.*

Nov. Well, Madam, we'll go make the Cards ready in your Bed-Chamber: ſure you will not ſtay long with him. [*Ex. Plauſ. Nov.*

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good Captain Swagger-huff, and be ſaucy with your Miſtreſs, like a true Captain; but be civil to your Rivals and Betters, and do not threaten any thing but me here; no, not ſo much as my Windows, nor do not think your ſelf in the Lodgings of one of your Suburb-Miſtreſſes beyond the *Tower*.

Man. Do not give me cauſe to think ſo, for thoſe leſs infamous Women part with their Lovers, juſt as you did from me, with unforc'd vows of conſtancy, and floods of willing tears; but the ſame winds bear away their

Lovers, and their vows: And for their grief, if the credulous unexpected Fools return, they find new Comforters, fresh Cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those Women too suffers shipwrack, with their Gallants fortunes; now you have heard *Chance* has us'd me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falshood, and disdain; have constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real scorn, as I was to your feign'd love: And henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loath, and detest you, most faithfully.

Enter Lettice.

Oliv. Get the Hombre-Cards ready in the next Room, *Lettice*, and——

[*Whispers to* Lettice.

Free. Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Fid. And you'll be sure to keep your word, I hope, Sir.

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, Sir? if you are not as good as your word, 'twill be the first time you ever brag'd, sure.

Man. She has restor'd my reason with my heart.

Free. But now you talk of restoring, Captain, there are other things which, next to one's heart, one wou'd not part with; I mean your Jewels and Money, which it seems she has, Sir.

Man. What's that to you, Sir?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours, I have a share in't, I'm sure, which I will not lose for asking, tho' you may be too generous, or too angry now to do't your self.

Fid. Nay, then I'le make bold to make my claim too.

[*Both going towards* Olivia.

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious Fops——

How have I been deceiv'd! [*Aside.*

Free. Madam, there are certain Appurtenances to a Lover's heart, call'd Jewels, which always go along with it.

Fid. And which, with Lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the heart they come with; our Captain's, Madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident.

Oliv. A Gentleman so well made as you are, may be confident —— us easie Women cou'd not deny you any thing you ask, if 'twere for your self; but, since 'tis for another, I beg your leave to give him my answer. (An agreeable young Fellow this! —And wou'd not be my Aversion!) [*Aside.*] Captain, your young Friend here has a very perswading Face, I confess; yet you might have ask'd me your self for those Trifles you left with me, which (heark you a little, for I dare trust you with the secret; you are a Man of so much Honour I'm sure;) I say then, not expecting your return, or hoping ever to see you again, I have deliver'd your Jewels to —— [*Aside to* Man.

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My Husband!

Man. Your Husband!

Oliv. Ay, my Husband; for since you cou'd leave me, I am lately and privately marry'd to one, who is a Man of so much Honour and Experience

in

in the World, that I dare not ask him for your Jewels again to restore 'em to you; lest he could conclude you never would have parted with 'em to me, on any other score, but the exchange of my Honour: which rather than you'd let me lose, you'd lose I'm sure your self, those Pride of yours.

Man. Triumphant impudence! but marry'd too!

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my Servants know it not: I am marry'd; there's no resisting one's Destiny, or Love, you know.

Man. Why did you love him too?

Oliv. Most passionately; nay, love him now, tho' I have marry'd him, and he me! which mutual love, I hope you are too good, too generous a Man to disturb, by any future claim, or visits to me. 'Tis true, he is now absent in the Country, but returns shortly, therefore I beg of you, for your own ease and quiet, and my Honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I never had seen you.

Oliv. But if you shou'd ever have any thing to say to me hereafter, let that young Gentleman there be your Messenger.

Man. You wou'd be kinder to him: I find he shou'd be welcome.

Oliv. Alas, his Youth wou'd keep my Husband from suspicions, and his visits from scandal; for we Women may have pity for such as he, but no love: And I already think you do not well to spirit him away to Sea, and the Sea is already but too rich with the spoils of the shore.

Man. True perfect Woman! —If I cou'd say any thing more injurious to her now, I wou'd; for I cou'd out-rail a silk'd Whore, or a kick'd Coward: but, now I think on't, that were rather to discover my love than hatred; and I must not talk, for something I must do. [*Aside.*

Oliv. I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again——— [*Aside.*

Enter Lettice.

Well, *Lettice*, are the Cards and all ready within? I come then. Captain, I beg your pardon: You will not make one at Hombre?

Man. No, Madam, but I'll wish you a little good luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you wou'd have me thrive, curse me; for that you'll do heartily, I suppose.

Man. Then if you will have it so, May all the Curses light upon you Women ought to fear, and you deserve; first may the Curse of loving Play attend your sordid Covetousness, and Fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have cheated me; the Curse of Pride, or a good reputation, fall on your Lusts; the Curse of Affectation on your Beauty; the Curse of your Husband's company on your Pleasures; and the Curse of your Gallant's disappointments in his absence; and the Curse of scorn, jealousie, or despair, on your love: and then the Curse of loving on.

Oliv. And to requite all your Curses, I will only return you your last; May the Curse of loving me still, fall upon your proud hard heart, that cou'd be so cruel to me in these horrid Curses: but Heaven forgive you. [*Exit* Oliv.

Man. Hell and the Devil reward thee.

Free. Well, you see now, Mistresses, like Friends, are lost by letting 'em handle your Money; and most Women are such kind of Witches, who can

have no power over a Man, unleſs you give 'em Money; but when once they have got any from you, they never leave you, till they have all: therefore I never dare give a Woman a farthing

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by loſing one's Money with one's Miſtreſs, a Man is out of danger of getting another; of being made prize again by love; who, like a Pirate, takes you by ſpreading falſe Colours: but when once you have run your Ship aground, the treacherous Picaroon looſs, ſo by your ruine you ſave your ſelf from ſlavery at leaſt.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mrs. *Letrice*, here's Madam *Blackacre* come to wait upon her Honour.

Man. D'ye hear that? let us be gone, before ſhe comes; for hence forward I'll avoid the whole damn'd Sex for ever, and Woman as a ſinking Ship. [*Ex.* Man. *and* Fid.

Free. And I'll ſtay, to revenge on her your quarrel to the Sex; for out of love to her Jointure, and hatred to buſineſs, I wou'd marry her, to make an end of her thouſand Suits, and my thouſand engagements, to the comfort of two unfortunate ſorts of people; my Plaintiffs, and her Defendants; my Creditors, and her Adverſaries.

Enter Widow Blackacre *led in by Major* Oldfox, *and* Jerry Blackacre *following, laden with green Bags.*

Wid. 'Tis an arrant Sea-Ruffian, but I am glad I met with him at laſt, to ſerve him again, Major, for the laſt ſervice was not good in Law. *Boy*, *Dack*, *Jerry*, where is my Paper of *Memorandums?* give me, Child: ſo. Where is my Couſin *Olivia*, now my kind Relation?

Free. Here is one that wou'd be your kind Relation, Madam.

Wid. What mean you, Sir?

Free. Why, faith, (to be ſhort) to marry you, Widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude perſon we ſaw at Captain *Manly*'s?

Jerr. Ay, forſooth, an't pleaſe.

Wid. What wou'd you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ay faith, for I am a younger Brother, and you are a Widow.

Wid. You are an impertinent perſon, and go about your buſineſs.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, Widow.

Wid. But I have other buſineſs, I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no buſineſs a nights, Widow; and I'll make you pleaſanter buſineſs than any you have: for a nights, I aſſure you, I am a Man of great buſineſs; for the buſineſs——

Wid. Go, I'm ſure you're an idle Fellow.

Free. Try me but, Widow, and employ me as you find my abilities, and induſtry.

Old. Pray be civil to the Lady, Mr.——ſhe is a perſon of quality, a perſon that is no perſon——

Free. Yes, but ſhe's a perſon that is a Widow; be you mannerly to her, becauſe you are to pretend only to be her Squire, to arm her to her Lawyers Chambers; but I will be impudent and bawdy, for ſhe muſt love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you ſaucy familiar *Jack!* You think with us Widows, 'tis no more than up, and ride. Gad forgive me now adays, every idle, young, hectoring, roaring Companion, with a pair of turn'd red Breeches, and a broad Back, thinks to carry away any Widow, of the beſt degree; but I'd have you to know, Sir, all Widows are not got, like places at Court, by Impudence and Importunity only.

Old. No, no, ſoft, ſoft, you are a young man, and not fit——

Free. For a Widow? Yes ſure, old Man, the fitter.

Old. Go to, go to, if others had not laid in their claims before you——

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, Sir? Sure I am a much more proportionable match for her, than you, Sir; I who am an elder Brother, of a comfortable Fortune, and of equal Years with her.

Wid. How's that? You unmannerly perſon, I'd have you to know, I was born but in *Ann' undec. Caroli prim'*.

Old. Your pardon, Lady, your pardon; be not offended with your very Servant——But I ſay, Sir, you are a beggarly younger Brother, twenty years younger than her; without any Land or Stock, but your great ſtock of Impudence: therefore what pretenſion can you have to her?

Free. You have made it for me; firſt, becauſe I am a younger Brother.

Wid. Why, is that a ſufficient Plea to a Relict?
How appears it, Sir? by what fooliſh cuſtom?

Free. By cuſtom, time out of mind only. Then, Sir, becauſe I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty years younger than her, and having a ſufficient ſtock of Impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me, in her Widow's Law or Equity.

Old. Well, ſhe has been ſo long in *Chancery*, that I'll ſtand to her Equity and Decree between us. Come, Lady, pray ſnap up this young Snap at firſt, or we ſhall be troubled with him; give him a City-Widow's Anſwer: (that is with all the ill breeding imaginable.) (*Aſide to the* Wid. Come, Madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this fooliſh Wooing, for nothing interrupts buſineſs more; firſt, for you, Major——

Old. You declare in my favour then?

Free. What, direct the Court? (Come, young Lawyer, thou ſhalt be a Counſel for me.) [*To Jerr.*

Jerr. Gad, I ſhall betray your Cauſe then, as well as an older Lawyer, never ſtir.

Wid. Firſt, I ſay, for you, Major, my walking Hoſpital of an ancient Foundation, thou Bag of Mummy, that wou'dſt fall aſunder, if 'twere not for thy Cere-cloaths——

Old. How, Lady?

Free. Hah, ha——

Jerr. Hey, brave Mother! uſe all Suitors thus, for my ſake.

Wid. Thou wither'd, hobling, diſtorted Cripple; nay, thou art a Cripple all over; wou'dſt thou make me the Staff of thy Age, the Crutch of thy Decrepidneſs? Me—— *Free.*

Free. Well said, Widow! faith, thou wou'dst make a man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibling, driveling, feeble, paralytick, impotent, tumbling, frigid Nincompoop.

Jer. Hey, brave Mother, for calling of names, i'fac!

Wid. Woud'st thou make a Candlemaker a Nurse of me? Can't you be Bed-rid without a Bed-fellow? Won't your Swan-skins, Furrs, Flannels, and the scorch'd Trencher keep you warm there? Wou'd you have me your Scotch Warming-pan, with a Pox to you? Me!

Old. O Heavens!

Free. I told you I shou'd be thought the fitter Man, Major.

Jer. Ay, you old Fobus, and you wou'd have been my Guardian, wou'd you? to have taken care of my Estate, that half of't shou'd never come to me, by letting long Leases at Pepper-corn Rents?

Wid. If I wou'd have marry'd an old Man, 'tis well known I might have marry'd an Earl; nay, what's more, a Judge, and been covered the Winter-nights with the Lambs-skins, which I prefer to the Ermins of Nobles: And dost thou think I wou'd wrong my poor Minor there, for you?

Free. Your Minor is a chopping Minor, God bless him. [*Strokes Jerry on the head.*

Old. Your Minor may be a Major of Horse or Foot, for his bigness; and it seems, you will have the cheating of your Minor to your self.

Wid. Pray, Sir, bear Witness; Cheat my Minor! I'll bring my Action of the Case for the slander.

Free. Nay, I wou'd bear false Witness for thee now, Widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter Man for you.

Wid. Fair, and softly, Sir, 'tis my Minor's Case, more than my own: And I must do him justice now on you.

Free. How?

Old. So then.

Wid. You are first, (I warrant) some Runegado from the Inns of Court, and the Law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the Law: that is, be hang'd.

Jer. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, Madam——

Old. Hear the Court.

Wid. Thou art some debauch'd, drunken, lewd, hectoring, gaming Companion, and want'st some Widow's old Gold to nick upon; but, I thank you, Sir, that's for my Lawyers.

Free. Faith, we shou'd ne're quarrel about that; for Guineys wou'd serve my turn: but, Widow——

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouth Boaster of thy Lust, a meer Bragadochio of thy strength for Wine and Women, and will bely thy self more than thou dost Women, and art every way a base deceiver of Women: And wou'd deceive me too, wou'd you? ——

Free. Nay, faith, Widow, this is Judging without seeing the Evidence.

Wid. I say, you are a worn-out Whoremaster, at five and twenty both in Body and Fortune: And cannot be trusted by the Common Wenches of the Town,

Town, lest you shou'd not pay 'em; nor by the Wives of the Town, lest you shou'd pay 'em; so you want Women, and wou'd have me your Baud' to procure 'em for you.

Free. Faith, if you had any good Acquaintence, Widow, 'twou'd be civilly done of thee; for I am just come from Sea.

Wid. I mean, you wou'd have me keep you; that you might turn Keeper; for poor Widows are only us'd like Bauds by you; you go to Church with us, but to get other Women to lie with. In fine, you are a cheating, chousing Spendthrift: And having sold your own Annuity, wou'd waste my Jointure.

Jerr. And make havock of our Estate personal, and all our old gilt Plate; I shou'd soon be picking up all our mortgag'd Apostle-Spoons, Bowls and Beakers out of most of the Ale-houses, betwixt *Hercules Pillars* and the *Boat-swain* in *Wapping*: nay, and wou'd be scouring amongst my Trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling Watchmen at midnight. Wou'd you so, Bully?

Free. Nay, pr'ythee, Widow hear me:

Wid. No, Sir, I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-back'd Fellow, if I would have marry'd a young Man, 'tis well known, I cou'd have had any young Heir in *Norfolk*; nay, the hopefull'st young Man this day at the *Kings-Bench Bar*: I, that am a Relict and Executrix of known plentiful Assists and parts, who understand my self and the Law: And wou'd you have me under Covert Baron again? No, Sir, no Covert Baron for me.

Free. But, dear Widow, hear me. I value you only, not your Jointure.

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold there; I know your love to a Widow, is covetousness of her Jointure: And a Widow, a little stricken in years, with a good Jointure, is like an old Mansion-house in a good Purchace, never valu'd; but take one, take t'other: And perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of necessary repairs, or expences upon't.

Free. No, Widow, one wou'd be sure to keep all right, when one is to forfeit ones Lease by dilapidation.

Wid. Fie, fie, I neglect my business, with this foolish discourse of Love. *Jerry* Child let me see the List of the Jury: I'm sure my Cousin *Olivia* has some Relations amongst 'em. But where is she?

Free. Nay, Widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, Sir, no more, pray; I will no more hearken again to your foolish Love-motions, than to offers of Arbitration. [*Ex.* Wid. *and* Jerr.

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet; for he that has a pretension at Court, or to a Widow, must never give over for a little ill usage.

Old. Therefore I'll get her by Assiduity, Patience and Long sufferings; which you will not undergo; for you idle young Fellows leave off Love, when it comes to be Business; and Industry get more Women than Love.

Free. Ay, Industry the Fool's and old Man's merit; but I'll be industrious too, and make a business on't, and get her by Law, Wrangling, and Contests, and not by sufferings: And, because you are no dangerous Rival, I'll give thee Counsel, Major.

If

If you Litigious Widow e're won'd gain,
Sigh not to her, but by the Law complain:
To her, as to a Bawd, Defendant sue
With Statutes, and make Justice pimp for you. [Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster-Hall.

Enter Manly *and* Freeman, *two Sailors behind.*

Man. I Hate this place, worse than a Man that has inherited a *Chancery*-Suit: I wish I were well out on't again.

Free. Why, you need not be afraid of this place: for a Man without Money, needs no more fear a crowd of Lawyers, than a crowd of Pick-pockets.

Man. This, the Reverend of the Law wou'd have thought the Palace or Residence of Justice; but, if it be, she lives here with the State of a *Turkish* Emperour, rarely seen; and besieg'd rather than defended, by her numerous black Guard here.

Free. Methinks, 'tis like one of their own Halls, in *Christmas* time, whither, from all parts, Fools bring their Money, to try, by the Dice, (not the worst Judges) whether it shall be their own, or no: But after a tedious fretting and wrangling, they drop away all their Money, on both sides; and finding neither the better, at last, go emptily and lovingly away together, to the Tavern, joining their Curses against the young Lawyers Box, that sweeps all, like the old ones.

Man. Spoken like a Revelling *Christmas* Lawyer.

Free. Yes, I was one; I confess; but was fain to leave the Law, out of Conscience, and fall to making false Musters: rather chuse to Cheat the King, than his Subjects; Plunder, rather than take Fees.

Man. Well, a Plague, and a Purse Famine light on the Law; and that Female limb of it, who drag'd me hither to day: but pr'ythee go see if, in that croud of dagled Gowns there, thou canst find her.

Pointing to a croud of Lawyers, at the end of the Stage.

[*Exit* Freeman.

Manet Manly.

How hard it is to be an Hypocrite!
At least to me, who am but newly so.
I thought it once a kind of Knavery,
Nay, Cowardice, to hide one's faults; but now
The common frailty, Love, becomes my shame.
He must not know I love th' ungrateful still,
Lest he contemn me, more than she: for I,

It

It seems can undergo a Womans scorn,
But not a Mans———

Enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Sir, good Sir, generous Captain.

Man. Pr'ythee, kind impertinence, leave me. Why shou'dst thou follow me, flatter my Generosity now, since thou knowest I have no Money left? if I had it, I'd give it thee, to buy my quiet.

Fid. I never follow'd yet, Sir, Reward or Fame, but you alone; nor do I now beg any thing, but leave to share your miseries: You shou'd not be a Niggard of 'em, since, methinks, you have enough to spare. Let me follow you now, because you hate me, as you have often said.

Man. I ever hated a Coward's company, I must confess.

Fid. Let me follow you, till I am none then; for you, I'm sure, will through such Worlds of dangers, that I shall be enu'rd to 'em; nay, I shall be afraid of your anger more than danger, and so turn valiant out of fear. Dear Captain, do not cast me off till you have try'd me once more: do not, do not go to Sea again without me.

Man. Thou to Sea! to Court, thou Fool; remember the advice I gave thee: thou art a handsom Spaniel, and canst fawn naturally? go, busk about, and run thy self into the next great Man's Lobby: first fawn upon the Slaves without, and then run into the Ladies Bed-chamber; thou may'st be admitted at last, to tumble her Bed: go seek, I say, and lose me; for I am not able to keep thee: I have not Bread for my self.

Fid. Therefore I will not go, because then I may help and serve you.

Man. Thou!

Fid. I warrant you, Sir; for at worst, I cou'd beg or steal for you.

Man. Nay, more bragging! dost thou not know there's venturing your life in stealing? Go, pr'ythee, away: thou art as hard to shake off, as that flattering effeminating mischief, Love.

Fid. Love, did you name? Why, you are not so miserable as to be yet in Love, sure!

Man. No, no, pr'ythee away, be gone, or———
I had almost discover'd my Love and Shame; well if I had? that thing cou'd not think the worse of me:———or if I did?——no——— yes he shall know it——he shall——but then I must never leave him, for they are such secrets, that make Parasites and Pimps Lords of their Masters; for any slavery or tyranny is easier than Love's. [*Aside.*
Come hither, since thou art so forward to serve me: hast thou but resolution enough to endure the torture of a secret? for such, to some, is insupportable.

Fid. I wou'd keep it as safe, as if your dear precious life depended on't.

Man. Dam your dearness. It concerns more than my life, my honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, Sir.

Man. And do not discover it, by too much fear of discovering it; but have a great care you let not *Freeman* find it out.

Fid. I warrant you, Sir, I am already all joy, with the hopes of your commands; and shall be all wings in the execution of 'em: speak quickly.

Man. You said you'd beg for me.

Fid. I did, Sir.

Man. Then you shall beg for me.

Fid. With all my heart, Sir.

Man. That is Pimp for me.

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. D'ye start! think'st thou, thou cou'dst do me any other service? Come, no dissembling honour: I know you can do it handsomly, thou wert made for't: You have lost your time with me at Sea, you must recover it.

Fid. Do not, Sir, beget your self more Reasons for your Aversion to me, and make my obedience to you a fault: I am the unfittest in the World, to do you such a service.

Man. Your cunning arguing against it, shews but how fit you are for it. No more dissembling here, (I say) you must go use it for me, to *Olivia*.

Fid. To her, Sir?

Man. Go flatter, lye, kneel, promise, any thing to get her for me: I cannot live unless I have her. Didst thou not say thou wou'dst do any thing, to save my life? And she said you had a perswading Face.

Fid. But, did not you say, Sir, your Honour was dearer to you, than your Life? And wou'd you have me contribute to the loss of that, and carry love from you, to the most infamous, most false, and———

Man. And most beautiful!——— [*Sighs aside.*

Fid. Most ungrateful Woman, that ever liv'd; for sure she must be so, that cou'd desert you so soon, use you so basely, and so lately too: do not, do not forget it, Sir, and think———

Man. No, I will not forget it, but think of revenge: I will lie with her out of revenge. Go, be gone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorn'd her last night.

Man. I know not what I did last night; I dissembled last night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Be gone, I say, and bring me love or compliance back, or hopes at least, or I'le never see thy face again: by———

Fid. O do not swear, Sir, first hear me.

Man. I am impatient, away, you'll find me here till twelve. [*Turns away.*

Fid. Sir———

Man. Not one word, no insinuating Argument more, or soothing perswasion; you'll have need of all your Rhetorick with her: go, strive to alter her, not me, be gone. [*Ex.* Man. *at the end of the Stage.*

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. Shou'd I discover to him now my Sex,
And lay before him his strange cruelty,
'Twould but incense it more. ———No, 'tis not time.
For his Love, must I then betray my own?
Were ever Love or Chance, till now, severe?
Or thriving Woman pos'd with such a task?
Forc'd to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd;
And give away her Lover not to lose him. [*Ex.* Fidel.

Enter

Enter Widow Blackacre *in the middle of half a dozen Lawyers, whisper'd to by a Fellow in black,* Jerry Blackacre *following the Crowd.*

Wid. Offer me a Reference, you saucy Companion you! d'ye know who you speak to? Art thou a Solicitor in *Chancery*, and offer a Reference? A pretty Fellow! Mr. Serjeant *Ploddon*, here's a Fellow has the impudence to offer me a Reference.

Serj. Plod. Who's that has the impudence to offer a Reference within these Walls?

Wid. Nay, for a Splitter of Causes to do't!

Serj. Plod. No, Madam, to a Lady learned in the Law, as you are, the offer of a Reference were to impose upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a Reference, Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot your Brief? Are you sure you shan't make the mistake of——Hark you—— [*Whispers*] Go then, go to your Court of *Common-Pleas*, and say one thing over and over again: You do it so naturally, you'll never be suspected for protracting time.

Serj. Plod. Come, I know the course of the Court, and your business. [*Exit* Serj. Plod.

Wid. Let's see, *Jerry*, where are my Minutes? Come, Mr. *Quaint*, pray go talk a great deal for me in *Chancery*; let your words be easie, and your Sense hard, my Cause requires it: Branch it bravely, and deck my Cause with flowers, that the Snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the Decree of my Lord Chancellor *Tricesimo quart'* of the Queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate, or amplifie Matter of Fact; baffle Truth with impudence; answer Exceptions with Questions, tho' never so impertinent; for Reasons give 'em Words; for Law and Equity, Tropes and Figures: And so relax and enervate the sinews of their Argument, with the oyl of my Eloquence. But when my Lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say any thing more for our Cause, say every thing of our Adversary; whose Reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the World, yet with sharp Invectives——

Wid. (Alias *Billin'sgate.*)

Quaint. With poinant and sower Invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair Reputation, even as a Record with the juice of Lemons; and tell such a Story, (for, the truth on't is, all that we can do for our Client, in *Chancery*, is telling a Story) a fine Story, a long Story, such a Story.

Wid. Go, save thy breath for the Cause; talk at the Bar, Mr. *Quaint*. You are so copiously fluent, you can weary any ones ears, sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our Adversaries Counsel, and the Court: Go, thou art a fine-spoken person: Adad, I shall make thy Wife jealous of me: if you can but court the Court into a Decree for us. Go, get you gone, remember——[*Whispers*] [*Exit* Quaint.

Come, Mr. *Blunder*, pray haul soundly for me, at the *Kings-Bench*; bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your Argument be intricate enough to

confound the Court: And then you do my buſineſs. Talk what you will, but be ſure your tongue never ſtand ſtill; for your own noiſe will ſecure your Senſe from Cenſure: 'tis like coughing or heming when one has got the Belly-ake, which ſtifles the unmannerly noiſe. Go, dear Rogue, and ſucceed; and I'll invite thee, e're it be long, to more ſouz'd Veniſon.

Blund. I'll warrant you, after your Verdict, your Judgment ſhall not be Arreſted upon if's and and's.

Wid. Come, Mr. *Petulant*, let me give you ſome new inſtructions, for our Cauſe in the *Exchequer*: Are the Barons ſate?

Pet. Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what know I? what care I?

Wid. Hey day! I wiſh you wou'd but ſnap up the Counſel on t'other ſide anon, at the Bar, as much; and have a little more patience with me, that I might inſtruct you a little better.

Pet. You inſtruct me! What is my brief for, Miſtreſs?

Wid. Ay, but you ſeldom read your Brief, but at the Bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold your ſelf contented, Miſtreſs.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, Sir, tho' you, I ſee, will loſe my Cauſe for want of ſpeaking, I wo' not: You ſhall hear me, and ſhall be inſtructed. Let's ſee your Brief.

Pet. Send your Solicitor to me, inſtructed by a Woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a Bar-gown——

Wid. By a Woman! And I'd have you to know, I am no common Woman; but a Woman converſant in the Laws of the Land, as well as your ſelf, tho' I have no Bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, Miſtreſs, you are impertinent, and there's your Brief for you: inſtruct me! [*Flings her Breviate at her.*

Wid. Impertinent to me, you ſaucy *Jack* you! You return my Breviate, but where's my Fee? You'll be ſure to keep that, and ſcan that ſo well, that if there chance to be but a braſs Half-crown in't, one's ſure to hear on't again: won'd you wou'd but look on your Breviate half ſo narrowly. But pray give me my Fee too, as well as my Brief.

Pet. Miſtreſs, that's without Precedent. When did a Counſel ever return his Fee, pray? And you are impertinent, and ignorant, to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant to me! Gadsbodikins, you puny Upſtart in the Law, to uſe me ſo, you Green-Bag Carrier, you Murderer of unfortunate Cauſes, the Clerks Ink is ſcarce off of your fingers, you that newly come from Lamblacking the Judges ſhooes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant! I wou'd give thee a Cuff on the ear, ſitting the Courts, if I were ignorant. Marry gep, if it had not been for me, thou hadſt been yet but a hearing Counſel at the Bar. [*Exit* Petulant.

Enter Mr. Buttongown, *croſſing the Stage in haſte.*

Mr. *Buttongown*, Mr. *Buttongown*, whither ſo faſt? what, won't you ſtay till we are heard?

Butt. I cannot, Mrs. *Blackacre*, I muſt be at the Council, my Lord's Cauſe ſtays there for me.

Wid.

Wid. And mine ſuffers here.

Butt. I cannot help it.

Wid. I'm undone.

Butt. What's that to me?

Wid. Conſider the five pound Fee, if not my Cauſe: that was ſomething to you.

Butt. Away, away, pray be not ſo troubleſom, Miſtreſs, I muſt be gone.

Wid. Nay, but conſider a little, I am your old Client, my Lord but a new one; or, let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better Client to you, than my ſelf: I hope you believe I ſhall be in Law as long as I live? therefore am no deſpicable Client. Well, but go to your Lord, I know you expect he ſhou'd make you a Judge one day; but I hope his promiſe to you will prove a true Lord's promiſe: But, that he might be ſure to fail you, I wiſh you had his Bond for't.

Butt. But what, will you be thus impertinent, Miſtreſs?

Wid. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, ſtay; if it be but to tell me my Lord's Caſe: come, in ſhort.

Butt. Nay, then—— [*Exit* Buttongown.

Wid. Well, *Jerry*, obſerve Child, and lay it up for hereafter: Theſe are thoſe Lawyers, who, by being in all Cauſes, are in none; therefore if you wou'd have 'em for you, let your Adverſary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em: and ſo, in being againſt thee, they'll be for thee.

Jerr. Ay, Mother, they put me in mind of the unconſcionable Wooers of Widows, who undertake briskly their Matrimonial buſineſs for their Money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them; therefore have a care of 'em, forſooth: there's Advice for your Advice.

Wid. Well ſaid, Boy, come, Mr. *Splitcauſe*, pray go ſee when my Cauſe in *Chancery* comes on; and go ſpeak with Mr. *Quillit* in the *Kings-Bench*, and Mr. *Quirk* in the *Common Pleas*, and ſee how our matters go there.

Enter Major Oldfox.

Old. Lady, a good and propitious morning to you; and may all your Cauſes go as well, as if I my ſelf were Judge of 'em.

Wid. Sir, excuſe me, I am buſie, and cannot anſwer Complements in *Weſtminſter-Hall*. Go, Mr. *Splitcauſe*, and come to me again, to that Bookſellers, there I'll ſtay for you, that you may be ſure to find me.

Old. No, Sir, come to the other Bookſellers, I'll attend your Ladiſhip thither. [*Exit* Splitcauſe.

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Becauſe he is my Bookſeller, Lady.

Wid. What, to ſell you Lozenges for your Catarrh? or Medicines for your Corns? what elſe can a Major deal with a Bookſeller for?

Old. Lady, he prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an Author?

Old. Of ſome few Eſſays; deign you, Lady, to peruſe 'em. (She is a Woman of parts, and I muſt win her by ſhewing mine.) [*Aſide.*

The Bookſeller's Boy.

Boy. Will you ſee *Culpepper*, Miſtreſs? *Ariſtotle's Problems?* The *Compleat Widwife?*

Wid.

Wid. No, let's ſee *Dalton*, *Hughs*, *Shepherd*, *Wingate*.

Boy. We have no Law-books.

Wid. No? You are a pretty Bookſeller then.

Old. Come, have you e're a one of my Eſſays left?

Boy. Yes, Sir, we have enough, and ſhall always have 'em.

Old. How ſo?

Boy. Why, they are good, ſteady, laſting Ware.

Old. Nay, I hope they will live, let's ſee. Be pleas'd, Madam, to peruſe the poor endeavours of my Pen; tho' I ſay it, that——

[*Gives her a Book.*

Jerr. Pray let me ſee *St.* George *for Chriſtendom*, or, *The Seven Champions of* England.

Wid. No, no, give him, *The Young Clerk's Guide*. What, we ſhall have you read your ſelf into a humor of Rambling, and Fighting, and ſtudying Military Diſcipline, and wearing red Breeches!

Old. Nay, if you talk of Military Diſcipline, ſhew him my Treatiſe of *The Art of Military*.

Wid. Hold, I wou'd as willingly he ſhou'd read a *Play*.

Jerr. O pray, forſooth Mother, let me have a *Play*.

Wid. No, Sirrah, there are young Students of the Law enough ſpoil'd already by *Plays*; they wou'd make you in love with your Landreſs, or what's worſe, ſome Queen of the Stage, that was a Landreſs; and ſo turn Keeper before you are of age. [*Several croſſing the Stage.* But ſtay, *Jerry*, is it not that Mr. *what d'y' call him*, that goes there: he that offer'd to ſell me a Suit in *Chancery* for five hundred pound, for a hundred down, and only paying the Clerks Fees?

Jerr. Ay, forſooth, 'tis he.

Wid. Then ſtay here, and have a care of the Bags, whil'ſt I follow him; have a care of the Bags, I ſay.

Jerr. And do you have a care, forſooth, of the Statute againſt *Champertee*, I ſay. [*Exit* Widow.

Enter Freeman *to them.*

Free. So, there's a limb of my Widow, which was wont to be inſeparable from her: ſhe can't be far. [*Aſide.* How now, my pretty Son-in-law that ſhall be, where's my Widow?

Jerr. My Mother, but not your Widow, will be forth-coming preſently.

Free. Your Servant, Major; what, are you buying Furniture for a little ſleeping Cloſet, which you miſcal a Study? For you do only, by your Books, as by your Wenches, bind 'em up neatly, and make 'em fine, for other people to uſe 'em: And your Bookſeller is properly your Upholſter; for he furniſhes your Room, rather than your Head.

Old. Well, well, good Sea-Lieutenant, ſtudy you your Compaſs, that's more than your head can deal with. (I will go find out the Widow, to keep her out of his ſight, or he'll board her, whil'ſt I am treating a peace.) [*Aſide.* [*Exit* Oldfox.

Manet

Manent Freeman, Jerry.

Jerr. Nay, prythee, Friend, now, let me have but the *Seven Champions*, you ſhall truſt me no longer than till my Mothers Mr. *Splitcauſe* comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithal to pay for't.

Free. Lend thee! here, I'll pay him. Do you want Money, Squire? I'm ſorry a Man of your Eſtate ſhou'd want Money.

Jerr. Nay, my Mother will ne're let me be at Age: And till then, ſhe ſays——

Free. At Age! Why, you are at Age already to have ſpent an Eſtate, Man; there are younger than you, have kept their Women this three years, have had half a dozen Claps, and loſt as many thouſand pounds at Play.

Jerr. Ay, they are happy Sparks! nay, I know ſome of my School-Fellows, who when we were at School, were two years younger than me; but now, I know not how, are grown Men before me, and go where they will, and look to themſelves: but my Curmudgeonly Mother won't allow me wherewithal to be a Man of my ſelf with.

Free. Why, there 'tis, I knew your Mother was in fault: Ask but your School-Fellows what they did to be Men of themſelves.

Jerr. Why, I know they went to Law with their Mothers; for they ſay, there's no good to be done upon a Widow-Mother, till one goes to Law with her: but mine is as plaguy a Lawyer as any's of our Inn. Then wou'd ſhe marry too, and cut down my Trees: Now I ſhou'd hate, Man, to have my Father's Wife kiſs'd, and ſlapt, and t'other thing too, (you know what I mean) by another Man; and our Trees are the pureſt, tall, even, ſhady twigs, by my fa——

Free. Come, Squire, let your Mother and your Trees fall as ſhe pleaſes, rather than wear this Gown, and carry green Bags all thy life, and be pointed at for a Tony: But you ſhall be able to deal with her yet the Common way; thou ſhalt make falſe love to ſome Lawyer's Daughter, whoſe Father, upon the hopes of thy marrying her, ſhall lend thee Money and Law, to preſerve thy Eſtate and Trees: and thy Mother is ſo ugly, no Body will have her, if ſhe cannot cut down thy Trees.

Jerr. Nay, if I had but any Body to ſtand by me, I am as ſtomachful as another.

Free. That will I, I'le not ſee any hopeful young Gentleman abus'd.

Boy. By any but your ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Jerr. The truth on't is, mine's as arrant a Widow-Mother to her poor Child, as any's in *England*: ſhe won't ſo much as let one have ſix pence in ones Pocket to ſee a Motion, or the dancing of the Ropes, or——

Free. Come, you ſhan't want Money, there's Gold for you.

Jerr. O Lord, Sir, two Guineys! d'ye lend me this? is there no trick in't? Well, Sir, I'll give you my Bond for Security.

Free. No, no, thou haſt given me thy Face for ſecurity: And any Body won'd ſwear thou doſt not look like a Cheat. You ſhall have what you will of me; and if your Mother will not be kinder to you, come to me, who will.

Jerr. By my fa——he's a curious fine Gentleman!—— [*Aſide.* But, will you ſtand by one?

Free.

Free. If you can be resolute.

Jerr. Can be resolv'd! Gad, if she gives me but a cross word, I'll leave her to night, and come to you. But, now I have got Money, I'll go to *Jack of all Trades*, at t'other end of the *Hall*, and buy the neatest, purest things——

Jerr. And I'll follow the great Boy, and my blow at his Mother: steal away the Calf, and the Cow will follow you.

[*Exit* Jerry *follow'd by* Freeman.

Enter, on the other side, Manly, *Widow* Blackacre, *and* Oldfox.

Man. Dam your Cause; can't you lose it without me? which you are like enough to do, if it be as you say, an honest one: I will suffer no longer for't.

Wid. Nay, Captain, I tell you, you are my prime Witness, and the Cause is just now coming on, Mr. *Splitcause* tells me. Lord, methinks you shou'd take a pleasure in walking here, as half you see now do; for they have no business here, I assure you.

Man. Yes, but I'll assure you then, their business is to persecute me; but d'ye think I'll stay any longer, to have a Rogue, because he knows my name, pluck me aside, and whisper a News-book-secret to me with a stinking breath? A second come piping angry from the Court, and sputter in my face his tedious complaints against it? A third Law-Coxcomb, because he saw me once at a Reader's dinner, come and put me a long Law-Case, to make a discovery of his indefatigable dulness, and my weary'd patience? A fourth, a most barbarous Civil Rogue, who will keep a Man half an hour in the crowd with a bow'd body, and a hat off, acting the reform'd Sign of the *Salutation*-Tavern, to hear his bountiful professions of service and friendship; whil'st he cares not if I were damn'd, and I am wishing him hang'd out of my way; I'd as soon run the Gantlet, as walk t'other turn.

Enter to them Jerry Blackacre *without his Bags; but laden with Trinkets, which he endeavours to hide from his Mother: and follow'd at a distance by* Freeman.

Wid. O, are you come, Sir? But where have you been, you Ass? And how came you thus Laden?

Jerr. Look here, forsooth, Mother, now here's a Duck, here's a Boar-cat, and here's an Owl. [*Making a noise with Cat-calls, and other such like Instruments.*

Wid. Yes, there is an Owl, Sir.

Old. He's an ungracious Bird, indeed.

Wid. But go, thou Trangame, and carry back those Trangames, which thou hast stol'n or purloin'd; for no body wou'd trust a Minor in *Westminster-Hall*, sure.

Jerr. Hold your self contented, forsooth, I have these Commodities by a fair Bargain and Sale; and there stands my Witness, and Creditor.

Wid How's that! What, Sir, d'ye think to get the Mother, by giving the Child a Rattle? But where are my Bags, my Writings, you Rascal?

Jerr.

Jerr. O Law! Where are they indeed? [*Aside.*

Wid. How, Sirrah? ſpeak, come———

Man. Who can tell her, *Freeman*, I ſuppoſe. [*Apart to him.*

Free. 'Tis true, I made one of your Salt-water Sharks ſteal 'em, whil'ſt he was eagerly chuſing his Commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my deſign upon his Mother. [*Apart to him.*

Wid. Won't you ſpeak? Where were you, I ſay, you Son of a——an unfortunate Woman? O, Major, I'm undone; they are all that concern my Eſtate, my Jointure, my Husband's Deed of Gift, my Evidences for all my Suits now depending! What will become of them?

Free. I'm glad to hear this. [*Aſide.*

They'll be ſafe, I warrant you, Madam.

Wid. O where? where? Come, you Villain, along with me, and ſhew me where. [*Exeunt* Widow, Jerry, Oldfox.

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Man. Thou haſt taken the right way to get a Widow, by making her great Boy rebel; for, when nothing will make a Widow marry, ſhe'll do't to croſs her Children. But canſt thou in earneſt marry this Harpy, this Volume of ſhrivel'd blur'd Parchments and Law, this Attornies Desk?

Free. Ay, ay, I'll marry, and live honeſtly: that is, give my Creditors, not her, due benevolence, pay my debts.

Man. Thy Creditors, you ſee, are not ſo barbarous, as to put thee in Priſon, and wilt thou commit thy ſelf to a noiſom Dungeon for thy life? which is the only ſatisfaction thou canſt give thy Creditors by this match.

Free. Why, is not ſhe rich?

Man. Ay, but he that marries a Widow for her Money, will find himſelf as much miſtaken, as the Widow that marries a young Fellow for due Benevolence, as you call it.

Free. Why, d'ye think I ſhan't deſerve Wages? I'll drudge faithfully.

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the Slave in the Mine, has the leaſt propriety in the Ore: You may dig, and dig; but if thou wou'dſt have her Money, rather get to be her Truſtee, than her Husband; for a true Widow will make over her Eſtate to any Body, and cheat her ſelf, rather than be cheated by her Children, or a ſecond Husband.

Enter to them Jerry *running in a fright.*

Jerr. O Law! I'm undone, I'm undone, my Mother will kill me: You ſaid you'd ſtand by one.

Free. So I will, my brave Squire, I warrant thee.

Jerr. Ay, but I dare not ſtay till ſhe comes; for ſhe's as furious, now ſhe has loſt her Writings, as a Bitch when ſhe has loſt her Puppies.

Man. The Compariſon's handſom!

Jerr. O, ſhe's here!

Enter Widow Blackacre, *and* Oldfox.

Free. [*To the Sailor*] Take him *Jack*, and make haſte with him, to your Maſter's Lodging; and be ſure you keep him up till I come.

[*Ex.* Jerry *and* Sailor.

Wid. O my dear Writings! where's this heathen Rogue, my Minor?

Free. Gone to drown or hang himſelf.

Wid. No, I know him too well, he'll ne're be *Felo de ſe* that way; but he may go and chuſe a Guardian of his own head, and ſo be *Felo de ſes biens*, for he has not yet choſen one.

Free. Say you ſo? And he ſhan't want one. [*Aſide.*

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, Sir, have put this Cheat upon me; for there is a ſaying, *Take hold of a Maid by her Smock, and a Widow by her Writings, and they cannot get from you*: But I'll play faſt and looſe with you yet, if there be Law; and my Minor and Writings are not forth-coming, I'll bring my Action of Detinue or Trover. But firſt I'll try to find out this Guardianleſs, graceleſs Villain. Will you jog, Major?

Man. If you have loſt your Evidence, I hope your Cauſes cannot go on, and I may be gone?

Wid. O no, ſtay but a making water while, (as one may ſay) and I'll be with you again. [*Ex.* Widow, *and* Oldfox.

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Free. Well, ſure I am the firſt Man that ever began a Love-Intrigue, in *Weſtminſter-Hall.*

Man. No, ſure; for the Love to a Widow generally begins here: And as the Widow's Cauſe goes againſt the Heir or Executors, the Jointure-Rivals commence their Suit to the Widow.

Free. Well, but how, pray, have you paſt your time here, ſince I was forc'd to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of patience.

Man. Is this a place to be alone, or have patience in? But I have had patience indeed; for I have drawn upon me, ſince I came, but three Quarrels, and two Law-Suits.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too curſt to be let looſe in the World; you ſhou'd be ty'd up again in your Sea-kennel, call'd a Ship. But how cou'd you quarrel here?

Man. How cou'd I refrain? A Lawyer talk'd peremptorily and ſaucily to me, and as good as gave me the Lye.

Free. They do it ſo often to one another at the Bar, that they make no Bones on't elſewhere.

Man. However, I gave him a Cuff on the Ear; whereupon he jogs two Men, whoſe backs were turn'd to us, (for they were reading at a Bookſellers) to witneſs I ſtruck him ſitting the Courts; which office they ſo readily promis'd, that I call'd 'em Raſcals, and Knights of the Poſt: one of 'em preſently calls two other abſent Witneſſes, who were coming towards us at a diſtance: whil'ſt the other, with a whiſper, deſires to know my name, that he might have ſatisfaction by way of Challenge, as t'other by way of Writ; but if it were not rather to direct his Brother's Writ, than his own Challenge: there you ſee is one of my Quarrels, and two of my Law-Suits.

Free. So:——and the other two?

Man. For deſiring a Poet to leave off Writing and turn Lawyer, becauſe he is dull, and impudent, and ſays or writes nothing now, but by Precedent.

Free. And the third Quarrel?

Man. For giving more ſincere advice, to a handſom, well-dreſt, young Fellow

Fellow (who ask'd it too) not to marry a Wench, that he lov'd, and I had lay'n with.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your ſincere advice to Lovers, and Poets, you will not fail of Quarrels.

Man. Or, if I ſtay in this place; for I ſee more Quarrels crowding upon me: let's be gone and avoid 'em.

Enter Novel, *at a diſtance, coming towards them.*

A Plague on him, that Sneer is ominous to us; he is coming upon us, and we ſhall not be rid of him.

Nov. Dear Bully, don't look ſo grum upon me, you told me juſt now, you had forgiven me a little harmleſs Raillery upon woodden legs laſt night.

Man. Yes, yes, pray be gone, I am talking of buſineſs.

Nov. Can't I hear it? I love thee, and will be faithful, and always——

Man. Impertinent! 'tis buſineſs that concerns *Freeman* only.

Nov. Well, I love *Freeman* too, and wou'd not divulge his ſecret: pr'ythee ſpeak, pr'ythee I muſt——

Man. Pr'ythee let me be rid of thee, I muſt be rid of thee.

Nov. Faith, thou canſt hardly, I love thee ſo. Come, I muſt know the buſineſs.

Man. So, I have it now. [*Aſide.*

Why, if you needs will know it, he has a quarrel, and his Adverſary bids him bring two Friends with him: now I am one; and we are thinking who we ſhall have for a third.

Several croſſing the Stage.

Nov. A pox, there goes a Fellow owes me an Hundred pound, and goes out of Town to morrow: I'll ſpeak with him, and come to you preſently.

[*Exit* Novel.

Man. No but you won't.

Free. You are dextrouſly rid of him.

Enter Oldfox.

Man. To what purpoſe, ſince here comes another, as impertinent? I know, by his grin, he is bound hither.

Old. Your Servant, worthy, noble Captain: Well, I have left the Widow, becauſe ſhe carry'd me from your company; for faith, Captain, I muſt needs tell thee, thou art the only Officer in *England*, who was not an *Edghil*-Officer, that I care for.

Man. I'm ſorry for't.

Old. Why, wou'dſt thou have me love them?

Man. Any body, rather than me.

Old. What, you are modeſt, I ſee! therefore too, I love thee.

Man. No, I am not modeſt, but love to brag my ſelf, and can't patiently hear you fight over the laſt Civil War; therefore go look out the Fellow I ſaw juſt now here, that walks with his Stockings and his Sword out at heels, and let him tell you the Hiſtory of that ſcar on his cheek, to give you occaſion to ſhew yours, go in the field at *Bloomſbury*, not that at *Edghil*: go

to him, poor Fellow, he is fasting, and has not yet the happiness this morning to stink of Brandy and Tobacco; go, give him some to hear you, I am busie.

Old. Well, ygad, I love thee now, Boy, for thy surliness: thou art no tame Captain, I see, that will suffer——

Man. An old Fox.

Old. All that shan't make me angry: I consider thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill success at Law. Pr'ythee tell me what ill Luck you have met with here.

Man. You.

Old. Do I look like the Picture of ill Luck? Gadsnouns I love thee more and more; and shall I tell thee what made me love thee first?

Man. Do: that I may be rid of that damn'd quality, and thee.

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad Sword there.

Man. Here, *Freeman*, let's change: I'll never wear it more.

Old. How! You won't sure. Pr'ythee don't look like one of our Holy-day Captains now adays, with a Bodkin by your side, your Martinet Rogues.

Man. (O, then there's hopes.) [*Aside.*

What, d'ye find fault with Martinet? let me tell you, Sir, 'tis the best exercise in the World; the most ready, most easie, most graceful exercise that ever was us'd, and the most——

Old. Nay, nay, Sir, no more, Sir, your Servant; if you praise Martinet once, I have done with you, Sir Martinet! Martinet!

[*Exit* Oldfox.

Free. Nay, you have made him leave you as willingly, as ever he did an Enemy; for he was truly for the King and Parliament: for the Parliament, in their List; and for the King, in cheating 'em of their Pay, and never hurting the King's Party in the Field.

Enter a Lawyer *towards them.*

Man. A Pox! this way; here's a Lawyer I know threatning us with another greeting.

Law. Sir, Sir, your very Servant; I was afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten me.

Law. No, Sir, we Lawyers have pretty good memories.

Man. You ought to have, by your Wits.

Law. O, you are a merry Gentleman, Sir; I remember you were merry, when I was last in your company.

Man. I was never merry in thy company, Mr. Lawyer, sure.

Law. Why, I'm sure you jok'd upon me, and shamm'd me all night long.

Man. Shamm'd! pr'thee what barbarous Law-term is that?

Law. Shamming! Why, don't you know that? 'tis all our way of Wit, Sir.

Man. I am glad I do not know it then: Shamming! What does he mean by't, *Freeman*?

Free. Shamming, is telling you an insipid, dull Lye, with a dull Face, which the sly Wag the Author only laughs at himself; and making himself believe 'tis a good Jest, puts the Sham only upon himself.

Man. So, your Lawyers Jest, I find, like his Practice, has more Knavery, than

than Wit in't. I ſhou'd make the worſt Shammer in *England*; I muſt always deal ingeniouſly, as well with you, Mr. Lawyer, and adviſe you to be ſeen rather with Attornies and Solicitors, than ſuch Fellows as I am; they will credit your Practice more.

Law. No, Sir, your company's an honour to me.

Man. No, faith, go thy ways, there goes an Attorney, leave me for him; let it be never ſaid, a Lawyers Civility did him hurt.

Law. No, worthy honour'd Sir, I'll not leave you for any Attorney, ſure.

Man. Unleſs he had a Fee in his hand.

Law. Have you any buſineſs here, Sir? try me: I'd ſerve you ſooner than any Attorney breathing.

Man. Buſineſs!——ſo, I have thought of a ſure way. [*Aſide.* Yes, faith, I have a little buſineſs.

Law. Have you ſo, Sir? in what Court, Sir? what is't, Sir? tell me but how I may ſerve you, and I'll do't, Sir; and take it for as great an honour——

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor Orphan of a Sea-Officer of mine, that has no Money; but if it cou'd be follow'd *in Forma Pauperis*, and when the Legacy's recovered——

Law. Forma Pauperis, Sir!

Man. Ay, Sir!

Several croſſing the Stage.

Law. Mr. *Bumblecaſe*, Mr. *Bumblecaſe*, a word with you; Sir, I beg your pardon at preſent, I have a little buſineſs——

Man. Which is not *in Forma Pauperis*. [*Exit* Lawyer.

Free. So, you have now found a way to be rid of people without quarrelling.

Enter Alderman.

Man. But here's a City-Rogue will ſtick as hard upon us, as if I ow'd him Money.

Ald. Captain, noble Sir, I am yours heartily, d'ye ſee: Why ſhou'd you avoid your old Friends?

Man. And why ſhou'd you follow me? I owe you nothing.

Ald. Out of my hearty reſpects to you; for there is not a Man in *England*——

Man. Thou wou'dſt ſave from hanging, with the expence of a ſhilling only.

Ald. Nay, nay, but Captain, you are like enough to tell me——

Man. Truth, which you won't care to hear; therefore you had better go talk with ſome body elſe.

Ald. No, I know no body can inform me better, of ſome young Wit, or Spendthrift, that has a good dipt Seat and Eſtate in *Middleſex*, *Hartfordſhire*, *Eſſex*, or *Kent*, any of theſe wou'd ſerve my turn: now, if you knew of ſuch an one, and wou'd but help——

Man. You to finiſh his ruine.

Ald. I'faith, you ſhould have a ſnip——

Man.

Man. Of your Noſe; you thirty in the hundred, Raſcal; wou'd you make me your Squire Setter, your Bawd for Mannors? [*Takes him by the Noſe.*

Ald. Oh!

Free. Hold, or here will be your third Law-Suit.

Ald. Gads precious, you hectoring Perſon you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, Sir; I begin to think (as things go) Land-ſecurity beſt, and have, for a convenient Mortgage, ſome ten, fifteen or twenty thouſand pound by me.

Man. Then go lay it out upon an Hoſpital, and take a Mortage of Heaven, according to your City-cuſtom; for you think by laying out a little Money, to hook in that too hereafter; do, I ſay, and keep the poor you've made by taking forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

Ald. No, to keep the Cripples you make this War; this War ſpoils our Trade.

Man. Dam your Trade, 'tis the better for't.

Ald. What, will you ſpeak againſt our Trade?

Man. And dare you ſpeak againſt the War, our Trade?

Ald. Well, he may be a Convoy of Ships I am concern'd in. [*Aſide.* Come, Captain, I will have a fair correſpondency with you, ſay what you will.

Man. Then pr'ythee be gone.

Ald. No, faith; pr'ythee, Captain, let's go drink a Diſh of Lac'd Coffee, and talk of the times: Come, I'll treat you; nay, you ſhall go, for I have no buſineſs here.

Man. But I have.

Ald. To pick up a Man to give thee a Dinner: Come, I'll do thy buſineſs for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, ſo you may, as well as any Man; for 'tis to pick up a Man, to be bound with me, to one who expects City-ſecurity, for———

Ald. Nay, then your ſervant, Captain; buſineſs muſt be done.

Man. Ay, if it can; but hark you, Alderman, without you——

Ald. Buſineſs, Sir, I ſay, muſt be done; and there's an Officer of the Treaſury I have an Affair with—— [*Several croſſing the Stage.*

[*Exit* Alderman.

Man. You ſee now what the mighty friendſhip of the World is; what all Ceremony, Embraces, and plentiful Profeſſions come to: You are no more to believe a profeſſing Friend, than a threatning Enemy; and as no Man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a miſchief, no Man, you ſee, is your Servant who ſays he is ſo. Why, the Devil, then ſhou'd a Man be troubled with the flattery of Knaves, if he be not a Fool or Cully; or with the fondneſs of Fools, if he be not a Knave or Cheat?

Free. Only for his pleaſure; for there is ſome in laughing at Fools, and diſappointing Knaves.

Man. That's a pleaſure, I think, wou'd coſt you too dear, as well as marrying your Widow to diſappoint her; but, for my part, I have no pleaſure by 'em, but in deſpiſing 'em, whereſoe'r I meet 'em; and then the pleaſure of hoping

hoping ſo to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a ſhilling in the World, which all the World ſhall know, and then I'm ſure I ſhall have none of 'em come near me.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think you pay too dear for: But is the twenty pound gone ſince the morning?

Man. To my Boats-Crew: won'd you have the poor, honeſt, brave Fellows want?

Free. Rather than you, or I.

Man. Why, art thou without Money? thou who art a Friend to every Body?

Free. I ventur'd my laſt ſtake upon the Squire, to nick him of his Mother; and cannot help you to a dinner, unleſs you will go dine with my Lord——

Man. No, no, the Ordinary is too dear for me, where flattery muſt pay for my dinner; I am no Herald, or Poet.

Free. We'll go then to the Biſhops——

Man. There you muſt flatter the old Philoſophy: I cannot renounce my Reaſon for a Dinner.

Free. Why, then let's go to your Aldermans.

Man. Hang him, Rogue! that were not to dine, for he makes us drunk with Lees of Sack before dinner, to take away our Stomach: and there you muſt call Uſery and Extortion, God's Bleſſing, or the Honeſt turning of the Penny; hear him brag of the Leather Breeches in which he trotted firſt to Town; and make a greater noiſe with his Money in his Parlour, than his Caſheers do in his Counting-Houſe, without hopes of borrowing a ſhilling.

Free. Ay, a Pox on't, 'tis like dining with the great Gameſters; and when they fall to their common Deſſert, ſee the heaps of Gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady *Goodly*'s.

Man. There to flatter her looks, you muſt miſtake her Grand-Children for her own; praiſe her Cook that ſhe may rail at him; and feed her Dogs, not your ſelf.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your Lawyer then?

Man. Eat with him! Dam him; to hear him employ his barbarous Eloquence in a Reading upon the two and thirty good Bits in a ſhoulder of Veal; and be forc'd your ſelf to praiſe the cold Bribe-Pye, that ſtinks, and drink Law *French* VVine, as rough and harſh as his Law *French*. A Pox on him, I'd rather dine in the Temple-Rounds or VValks, with the Knights without Noſes, or the Knights of the Poſt; who are honeſter Fellows, and better Company. But let us home, and try our Fortune; for I'll ſtay no longer here for your old damn'd VVidow.

Free. VVell, let us come then; for I muſt go for my damn'd Widow, and look after my new damn'd Charge; three or four hundred Years ago, a Man might have din'd in this Hall.

Man. But now, the Lawyer only here is fed:
And, Bully-like, by Quarrels gets his Bread.

Finis Actus Tertii. ACT

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Manly's *Lodgings.*

Enter Manly, *and* Fidelia.

Man. WEll, there's ſucceſs in thy face; haſt thou prevail'd? ſay.

Fid. As I cou'd wiſh, Sir.

Man. So, I told thee what thou wert fit for, and thou wou'dſt not believe me. Come, thank me for bringing thee acquainted with thy Genius. Well, thou haſt mollifi'd her heart for me?

Fid. No, Sir, not ſo; but what's better.

Man. How? what's better!

Fid. I ſhall harden your heart againſt her.

Man. Have a care, Sir, my heart is too much in earneſt to be fooled with, and my deſire at height, and needs no delays to incite it; what, you are too good a Pimp already, and know how to endear pleaſure, by withholding it? but leave off your Pages, Bawdy-houſe tricks, Sir, and tell me, will ſhe be kind?

Fid. Kinder that you cou'd wiſh, Sir.

Man. So then: well, pr'ythee, what ſaid ſhe?

Fid. She ſaid——

Man. What? thou'rt ſo tedious; ſpeak comfort to me: what?

Fid. That, of all things, you are her averſion.

Man. How?

Fid. That ſhe wou'd ſooner take a Bedfellow out of an Hoſpital, and Diſeaſes into her Arms, than you.

Man. What?

Fid. That ſhe wou'd rather truſt her Honour with a diſſolute, debauch'd Hector; nay worſe, with a finical baffled Coward, all over loathſom with affectation of the fine Gentleman.

Man. What's all this you ſay?

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your Love to her, were more offenſive, than when Parents wooe their Virgin-Daughters, to the enjoyment of Riches only; and that you were, in all circumſtances, as nauſeous to her as a Husband on compulſion.

Man. Hold; I underſtand you not.

Fid. So, 'twill work I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Man. Did you not tell me——

Fid. She call'd you ten thouſand Ruffians.

Man. Hold, I ſay.

Eid. Brutes——

Man. Hold.

Fid.

Fid. Sea-Monsters ——

Man. Dam your intelligence; hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, surly Coward she call'd you too.

Man. Won't you hold yet? hold, or ——

Fid. Nay, Sir, pardon me; I cou'd not but tell you she had the baseness, the injustice, to call you Coward, Sir, Coward, Coward, Sir.

Man. Not yet ——

Fid. I've done, Coward, Sir.

Man. Did not you say she was kinder than I cou'd wish her?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. How then? ——O——I understand you now. At first she appear'd in rage, and disdain, the truest sign of a coming Woman; but at last, you prevail'd it seems: did you not?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. So then, let's know that only; come pr'ythee, without delays: I'll kiss thee for that news beforehand.

Fid. So; the kiss I'm sure is welcome to me, whatsoe're the news will be to you. [*Aside.*

Man. Come, speak, my dear Voluntier.

Fid. How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another Womans sake! [*Aside.*

Man. What, won't you speak? You prevail'd for me, at last, you say?

Fid. No, Sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, Sir, it will not agree with my impatience, or temper.

Fid. Then not to fool you, Sir, I spake to her for you, but prevail'd for my self; she wou'd not hear me when I spake in your behalf; but bid me say what I wou'd in my own, tho' she gave me no occasion, she was so coming, and so was kinder, Sir, than you cou'd wish; which I was only afraid to let you know, without some warning.

Man. How this? Young man, you are of a lying age; but I must hear you out, and if ——

Fid. I wou'd not abuse you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, she is so wicked.

Man. How, wicked! had she the impudence, at the second sight of you only ——

Fid. Impudence, Sir! Oh, she has impudence enough to put a Court out of countenance, and debauch a Stews.

Man. Why, what said she?

Fid. Her tongue, I confess was silent; but her speaking Eyes gloted such things more immodest, and lascivious, than Ravishers can act, or Women under a confinement think.

Man. I know there are whose Eyes reflect more Obscenity, than the Glasses in Alcoves; but there are others who use a little Art with their looks, to make 'em seem more beautiful, not more loving: which vain young Fellows, like you, are apt to interpret in their own favour, and to the Lady's wrong.

Fid. Seldom, Sir; pray have you a care of gloting Eyes; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em, will find at last, a thousand Fools and Cuckolds in 'em instead of *Cupids*.

Man. Very well, Sir: but, what, you had only Eye-kindness from *Olivia*?

Fid. I tell you again, Sir, No Woman sticks there; Eye-promises of Love they only keep; nay, they are Contracts which make you sure of 'em. In short, Sir, she seeing me, with shame and amazement dumb, unactive, and resistless, threw her twisting arms about my neck, and smother'd me with a thousand tasteless Kisses: believe me, Sir, they were so to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then?

Fid. I fenced with her eager arms, as you did with the grapples of the Enemy's Fire-ship; and nothing but cutting 'em off, cou'd have freed me.

Man. Damn'd, damn'd Woman, that cou'd be so false and infamous! And damn'd, damn'd heart of mine, that cannot yet be false, tho' so infamous! What easie, tame, suffering, trampled things does that little God of talking Cowards make of us! but——

Fid. So! it works, I find, as I expected. [*Aside.*

Man. But she was false to me before, she told me so her self, and yet I cou'd not quite believe it; but she was, so that her second falseness is a favour to me, not an injury, in revenging me upon the Man that wrong'd me first of her Love. Her Love! —a Whores, a Witches Love! ——But, what, did she not kiss well, Sir? I'm sure I thought her Lips——but I must not think of 'em more——but yet they are such I cou'd still kiss——grow to——and then tear off with my teeth, grind 'em into mammocks, and spit 'em into her Cuckolds face.

Fid. Poor Man, how uneasie is he! I have hardly the heart to give him so much pain, tho' withal I give him a cure; and to my self new life. [*Aside.*

Man. But, what, her Kisses sure cou'd not but warm you into desire at last, or a compliance with hers at least?

Fid. Nay more, I confess——

Man. What more? speak.

Fid. All you cou'd fear had pass'd between us, if I cou'd have been made to wrong you, Sir, in that nature.

Man. Cou'd have been made! you lye, you did.

Fid. Indeed, Sir, 'twas impossible for me; besides, we were interrupted by a visit; but, I confess, she wou'd not let me stir, till I promis'd to return to her again within this hour, as soon as it shou'd be dark; by which time she wou'd dispose of her visit, and her Servants, and her self, for my reception: which I was fain to promise to get from her.

Man. Ha!

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, Sir, think me as false to you, as she is; hate, and renounce me, as you ought to do her, and I hope will do now.

Man.

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you shall keep your word with your Lady. What, a young Fellow, and fail the first, nay, so tempting an assignation!

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. I say you shall go to her when 'tis dark, and shall not disappoint her.

Fid. I, Sir! I shou'd disappoint her more by going; for——

Man. How so?

Fid. Her impudence, and injustice to you, will make me disappoint her Love; loath her.

Man. Come, you have my leave; and if you disgust her, I'll go with you, and act Love, whil'st you shall talk it only.

Fid. You, Sir! nay, then I'll never go near her. You act Love, Sir! You must but act it indeed, after all I have said to you. Think of your Honour, Sir, Love——

Man. Well, call it Revenge, and that is honourable: I'll be reveng'd on her; and thou shalt be my second.

Fid. Not in a base action, Sir, when you are your own Enemy: O, go not near her, Sir, for Heaven's sake, for your own, think not of it.

Man. How concern'd you are! I thought I shou'd catch you. What, you are my Rival at last, and are in love with her your self; and have spoken ill of her out of your love to her, not me; and therefore wou'd not have me go to her!

Fid. Heav'n witness for me, 'tis because I love you only, I wou'd not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the more I'm satisfied you do love her: those Kisses, young Man, I knew were irresistable; 'tis certain.

Fid. There is nothing certain in the World, Sir, but my Truth, and your Courage.

Man. Your Servant, Sir. Besides false, and ungrateful, as she has been to me; and tho' I may believe her hatred to me, great as you report it; yet I cannot think you are so soon, and at that rate, belov'd by her, tho' you may endeavour it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it still, Sir, I will conduct you to her; and unseen, your Ears shall judge of her falseness, and my truth to you; if that will satisfie you.

Man. Yes, there is some satisfaction in being quite out of doubt: because 'tis that alone withholds us from the pleasure of Revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What Revenge can you have, Sir? Disdain is best reveng'd by scorn; and faithless Love, by the loving another, and making her happy with the others losings: which, if I must advise——

Enter Freeman.

Man. Not a word more.

Free. What, are you talking of Love yet, Captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me say?

Free. Something imperfectly of Love, I think.

Man. I was only won'dring why Fools, Rascals, and desertless Wretches, shou'd still have the better of Men of Merit with all Woman; as much as with their own common Mistress, Fortune!

Free. Because most Women, like Fortune are blind, seem to do all things in jest, and take pleasure in extravagant actions; their Love deserves neither thanks, or blame, for they cannot help it: 'tis all sympathy; therefore the noisie, the finical, the talkative, the cowardly, and effeminate, have the better of the brave, the reasonable, and Man of Honour; for they have no more reason in their love, or kindness, than Fortune it self.

Man. Yes, they have their Reason. First, Honour in a Man they fear too much to love; and Sense in a Lover, upbraids their want of it; and they hate any thing that disturbs their admiration of themselves; but they are of that vain number, who had rather shew their false generosity, in giving away profusely to worthless Flatterers, than in paying just Debts. And in short, all Women, like Fortune, (as you say) and Rewards, are lost, by too much meriting.

Fid. All Women, Sir! sure there are some, who have no other quarrel to a Lovers merit, but that it begets their despair of him.

Man. Thou art young enough to be credulous; but we——

Enter 1 Sailor.

1 *Sailor.* Here are now below, the scolding, daggled Gentlewoman, and that Major Old——old——Fop, I think you call him.

Free. Oldfox, pr'ythee bid 'em come up, with your leave, Captain, for now I can talk with her upon the square; if I shall not disturb you.

Man. No; for I'll be gone. Come, Volunteer.

Free. Nay, pray stay; the Scene betwixt us will not be so tedious to you as you think: besides, you shall see, how I have rigg'd my Squire out, with the remains of my shipwrack'd Wardrobe; he is under your *Sea-valet de Chambre*'s hands, and by this time dress't, and will be worth your seeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my Fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot easily laugh: besides, my Volunteer and I have business abroad. [*Ex.* Manly, Fidelia *on one side*, Freeman *on t'other.*

Enter Major Oldfox *and Widow* Blackacre.

Wid. What, no body here! Did not the Fellow say he was within?

Old. Yes, Lady; and he may be perhaps a little busie at present; but, if you think the time long till he comes, [*Unfolding Papers*] I'll read you here some of the fruits of my leisure, the overflowings of my Fancy and Pen. (to value me right, she must know my parts.) [*Aside*

Come——

Wid.

Wid. No, no; I have reading work enough of my own, in my Bag, I thank you.

Old. I, Law, Madam; but here's a Poem, in blank Verse, which I think a handsom declaration of one's Passion.

Wid. O! if you talk of Declarations, I'll shew you one of the prettiest pen'd things, which I mended too my self, you must know.

Old. Nay, Lady, if you have used your self so much to the reading of harsh Law, that you hate smooth Poetry; here is a Character for you, of——

Wid. A Character! Nay, then I'll shew you my Bill in *Chancery* here, that gives you such a Character of my Adversary, makes him as black——

Wid. Pshaw; away, away, Lady. But if you think the Character too long, here is an Epigram, not above twenty lines, upon a cruel Lady; who Decreed her Servant shou'd hang himself, to demonstrate his Passion.

Wid. Decreed! if you talk of Decreeing, I have such a Decree here, drawn by the finest Clerk——

Old. O Lady, Lady, all interruption, and no sense between us, as if we were Lawyers at the Bar! But I had forgot, *Apollo* and *Littleton* never lodge in a head together. If you hate Verses, I'll give you a cast of my Politicks in Prose: 'tis a Letter to a Friend in the Country; which is now the way of all such sober, solid Persons as my self, when they have a mind to publish their disgust to the Times; tho' perhaps, between you and I, they have no Friend in the Country. And sure a politick, serious person may as well have a feign'd Friend in the Country to write to, as well as an idle Poet a feign'd Mistress to write to. And so here's my Letter to a Friend, or no Friend, in the Country, concerning the late Conjuncture of Affairs, in relation to *Coffee-houses*: or, *The Coffee-man's Case*.

Wid. Nay, if your Letter have a Case in't, 'tis something; but first I'll read you a Letter of mine, to a Friend in the Country, call'd a Letter of *Attorney*.

Enter to them Freeman *and* Jerry Blackacre, *in an old gaudy Suit, and red Breeches of* Freeman's.

Old. What, interruption still? O the plague of interruption! worse to an Author, than the plague of Criticks!

Wid. What's this I see, *Jerry Blackacre*, my Minor, in red Breeches! What, hast thou left the modest seemly Garb of Gown and Cap, for this? And have I lost all my good *Inns of Chancery* breeding upon thee then? And thou wilt go a breeding thy self from our Inn of *Chancery* and *Westminster-Hall*, at Coffee-houses, and Ordinaries, Play-houses, Tennis-courts, and Bawdy-houses?

Jerr. Ay, ay, what then? perhaps I will; but what's that to you? here's my Guardian and Tutor now, forsooth, that I am out of your Huckslers hands.

Wid.

Wid. How? thou haſt not choſen him for thy Guardian yet?

Jerr. No, but he has choſen me for his Charge, and that's all one; and I'll do any thing he'll have me, and go all the World over with him; to Ordinaries, and Bawdy-houſes, or any where elſe.

Wid. To Ordinaries and Bawdy-houſes! have a care, Minor, thou wilt infeeble there thy Eſtate and Body: do not go to Ordinaries and Bawdy-houſes, good *Jerry*.

Jerr. Why, how come you to know any ill by Bawdy-houſes? You never had any hurt by 'em, had you, forſooth? Pray hold your ſelf contented; if I do go where Money and Wenches are to be had, you may thank your ſelf; for you us'd me ſo unnaturally, you wou'd never let me have a Penny to go abroad with: nor ſo much as come near the Garret where your Maidens lay; nay, you wou'd not ſo much as let me play at Hot-cockles with 'em, nor have any Recreation with 'em, tho' one ſhou'd have kiſs'd you behind, you were ſo unnatural a Mother, ſo you were.

Free. Ay, a very unnatural Mother, faith, Squire.

Wid. But, *Jerry*, conſider thou art yet but a Minor; however, if thou wilt go home with me again, and be a good Child, thou ſhalt ſee——

Free. Madam, I muſt have a better care of my Heir under Age, than ſo; I wou'd ſooner truſt him alone with a ſtale Waiting-woman and a Parſon, than with his Widow-Mother and her Lover or Lawyer.

Wid. Why, thou Villain, part Mother and Minor! Rob me of my Child and my Writings! but thou ſhalt find there's Law; and as in the Caſe of Ravilhment, of Guard——*Weſtminſter* the Second.

Old. Young Gentleman, Squire, pray be rul'd by your Mother, and your Friends.

Jerr. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my Friends, therefore not my Mother, ſo I won't: I'll chuſe him for my Guardian till I am of Age; nay, may be for as long as I live.

Wid. Wilt thou ſo, thou Wretch? And when thou'rt of Age, thou wilt Sign, Seal, and Deliver too, wilt thou?

Jerr. Yes marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not ſqueeze wax, Son; rather go to Ordinaries, and Bawdy-houſes, than ſqueeze wax: if thou doſt that, farewel the goodly Mannor of *Blackacre*, with all its Woods, Underwoods, and appurtenances whatever. Oh, oh! [*Weeps.*

Free. Come, Madam, in ſhort, you ſee I am reſolv'd to have a ſhare in the Eſtate, yours or your Son's; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him who is leſs coy you find; but, if you won'd have your Son again, you muſt take me too. Peace, or War? Love, or Law? You ſee my Hoſtage is in my hand: I'm in poſſeſſion.

Wid. Nay, if one of us muſt be ruin'd, e'en let it be him. By my Body, a good one! Did you ever know yet a Widow marry or not marry for the ſake of her Child? I'd have you to know, Sir, I ſhall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you; if *Jerry* won't be rul'd by me, what ſay you, Booby, will you be rul'd? ſpeak.

Jerr. Let one alone, can't you?

Wid.

Wid. Wilt thou chuse him for Guardian, whom I refuse for Husband?

Jerr. Ay, to chuse, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes frustrated? shall I never hear thee put Cases again to *John* the Butler, or our Vicar? Never see thee umble the Circuit with the Judges; and hear thee, in our Town-Hall, louder than the Cryer?

Jerr. No; for I have taken my leave of Lawyering, and pettifogging.

Wid. Pettifogging! thou prophane Villain, hast thou so? Pettifogging! —— then you shall take your leave of me, and your Estate too; thou shalt be an Alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging!

Jerr. O, but if you be there too, Mother, we have the Deeds and Settlements, I thank you: Wou'd you cheat me of my Estate, ifac?

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little Brother *Bob*, for thou wert not born in Wedlock.

Free. How's that?

Jerr. How? What Querk has she got in her head now?

Wid. I say, thou canst not, shalt not inherit the *Blackacres* Estate.

Free. Why? why, forsooth? What d'ye mean, if you go there too?

Wid. Thou are but my base Child; and according to the Law, canst not inherit it: nay, thou art not so much as Bastardeigne.

Jerr. What, what? Am I then the Son of a Whore, Mother?

Wid. The Law says——

Free. Madam, we know what the Law says; but have a care what you say: do not let your passion, to ruine your Son, ruine your Reputation.

Wid. Hang Reputation, Sir, am not I a Widow? have no Husband, nor intend to have any? Nor wou'd you, I suppose, now have me for a Wife. So, I think now I'm reveng'd on my Son and you, without marrying, as I told you.

Free. But, consider, Madam.

Jerr. What, have you no shame left in you, Mother?

Wid. Wonder not at it, Major, 'tis often the poor prest Widows Case, to give up her Honour to save her Jointure; and seems to be a light Woman, rather than marry: as some young men, they say, pretend to have the filthy Disease, and lose their credit with most Women, to avoid the importunities of some. [*Aside to* Oldfox.

Free. But one word with you, Madam.

Wid. No, no, Sir. Come, Major, let us make haste now to the Prerogative Court.

Old. But, Lady, if what you say be true, will you stigmatize your Reputation on Record? And, if it be not true, how will you prove it?

Wid. Pshaw! I can prove any thing; and for my Reputation, know, Major, a wise Woman will no more value her Reputation, in disinheriting a rebellious Son of a good Estate; than she wou'd in getting him, to inherit an Estate. [*Ex.* Wid. *and* Oldfox.

Free. Madam——we must not let her go so, Squire.

Jer. Nay, the Devil can't stop her tho' if she has a mind to't. But come Bully-Guardian, we'll go advise with three Attornies, two Proctors, two Solicitors,

Solicitors, and a ſhrewd man of *White-Friers*, neither Attorney, Proctor, or Solicitor, but as pure a Pimp to the Law as any of 'em; and ſure all they will be hard enough for her, and I fear, Bully-Guardian, you are too good a Joker to have any Law in your head.

Free. Thou'rt in the right on't, Squire; I underſtand no Law: eſpecially that againſt Baſtards, ſince I'm ſure the Cuſtom is againſt that Law; and more People get Eſtates by being ſo than loſe 'em. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Olivia's *Lodging.*

Enter Lord Plauſible, *and Boy with a Candle.*

L. *Plauſ.* Little Gentleman, your moſt obedient, faithful, humble Servant: where, I beſeech you, is that divine Perſon, your Noble Lady?

Boy. Gone out, my Lord; but commanded me to give you this Letter. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Enter to him Novel.

L. *Plauſ.* Which he muſt not obſerve. [*Aſide.*] Puts it up.

Nov. Hey, Boy, where is thy Lady?

Boy. Gone out, Sir; but I muſt beg a word with you. [*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*

Nov. For me? So. [*Puts up the Letter.*

Servant, Servant, my Lord; you ſee the Lady knew of your coming, for ſhe is gone out.

L. *Plauſ.* Sir, I humbly beſeech you not to cenſure the Lady's good breeding: ſhe has reaſon to uſe more liberty with me, than with any other man.

Nov. How, Vicount, how?

L. *Plauſ.* Nay, I humbly beſeech you, be not in choler; where there is moſt love, there may be moſt freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an eclerciſment with you, and to tell you, you muſt think no more of this Lady's love.

L. *Plauſ.* Why, under correction, dear Sir?

Nov. There are Reaſons, Reaſons, Vicount.

L. *Plauſ.* What, I beſeech you, noble Sir?

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, be not impertinent, my Lord; ſome of you Lords, are ſuch conceited, well-aſſured, impertinent Rogues.

L. *Plauſ.* And you noble Wits, are ſo full of ſhamming and trolling, one knows not where to have you ſeriouſly.

Nov. Well, you ſhall find me in Bed with this Lady, one of theſe days.

L. *Plauſ.* Nay, I beſeech you, ſpare the Lady's honour; for her's and mine will be all one ſhortly.

Nov. Pr'ythee, my Lord, be not an Aſs: doſt thou think to get her from me? I have had ſuch good encouragement——

L. *Plauſ.* I have not been thought unworthy of 'em,

Nov.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an eclaircissment, as I said.

L. *Plausi.* Why, seriously then, she has told me, Viscountess sounded prettily.

Nov. And me, that *Novel* was a name she wou'd sooner change her's for, than for any Title in *England*.

L. *Plausi.* She has commended the softness, and respectfulness of my behaviour.

Nov. She has prais'd the briskness of my Raillery of all things, Man

L. *Plausi.* The sleepiness of my Eyes she lik'd.

Nov. Sleepiness! dulness, dulness. But the fierceness of mine she ador'd.

L. *Plausi.* The brightness of my hair she lik'd.

Nov. The brightness! no, the greasiness, I warrant. But the blackness, and lustre of mine, she admires.

L. *Plausi.* The gentleness of my smile.

Nov. The subtilty of my leer.

L. *Plausi.* The clearness of my complexion.

Nov. The redness of my lips.

L. *Plausi.* The whiteness of my teeth.

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

L. *Plausi.* The sweetness of my breath.

Nov. Ha, ha! ——nay then she abus'd you, 'tis plain; for you know what *Manly* said: the sweetness of your Pulvillio she might mean; but for your breath! ha, ha, ha. Your breath is such, Man, that nothing but Tobacco can perfume: and your Complexion nothing cou'd mend, but the Small Pox.

L. *Plausi.* Well, Sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, Sir, she has received some Jewels from me, of value.

Nov. And presents from me; besides what I presented her jantily, by way of Ombre, of three or four hundred pound value, which I'm sure are the earnest Pence for our Love-bargain.

L. *Plausi.* Nay, then, Sir, with your favour, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you there, Sir, she has writ to me——

[*Deliver to each other their Letters.*

Nov. How! how! well, well, and so she has to me, look you there——

L. *Plausi.* What's here!

Nov. How's this?

Reads out.

My dear Lord,

YOu'll excuse me, for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, *and meet you in the Drawing-room, where I expect you, with as much impatience, as when I us'd to suffer* Novel's *Visits, the most impertinent Fop, that ever affected the name of a Wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousie; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounc'd an old Lover, and will do all the World. Burn the Letter, but lay up the kindness of it in your heart, with your*

OLIVIA.

Very fine! but pray let's see mine.

L. *Plauf.* I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Reads the other Letter.

Nov. HUmh! ha! ——— meet ——— for your sake ——— wish ——— quitted an old Lover ——— World ——— Burn ——— in your heart without

OLIVIA.

Just the same, the names only alter'd.

L. *Plauf.* Surely there must be some mistake; or some body has abus'd her, and us.

Nov. Yes. you are abus'd, no doubt on't, my Lord; but I'll to *White-Hall*, and see.

L. *Plauf.* And I, where I shall find you are abus'd.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with Fellow-sufferers enough; for as *Freeman* said of another, she stands in the Drawing-room, like the Glass, ready for all Comers, to set their Gallantry by her: and like the Glass too, let's no man go from her, unsatisfi'd with himself. [*Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter Olivia *and Boy.*

Oliv. Both here, and just gone?

Boy. Yes Madam.

Oliv. But are you sure neither saw you deliver the other a Letter?

Boy. Yes, yes, Madam, I am very sure.

Oliv. Go then to the *Old Exchange*, to *Westminster*, *Holborn*, and all the other places I told you of; I shall not need you these two hours: Be gone, and take the Candle with you, and be sure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, Madam. [*Exit.*

Oliv. And my new Lover will not ask I'm sure; he has his Lesson, and cannot miss me here, tho' in the dark: which I have purposely design'd, as a remedy against my blushing Gallant's modesty; for young Lovers, like Game-Cocks, are made bolder, by being kept without light.

Enter her Husband Vernish, *as from a Journey.*

Ver. Where is she? Darkness every where! [*Softly.*

Oliv. What, come before your time? my Soul! my Life! your haste has augmented your kindness; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus—— [*Embracing and kissing him.*] And tho' (my Soul) the little time since you left me, has seem'd an Age to my impatience, sure it is yet but seven——

Ver. How! who's that you expected after seven?

Oliv. Ha! my Husband return'd! and have I been throwing away so many

many kind Kisses on my Husband, and wrong'd my Lover already? [*Aside.*

Ver. Speak, I say, who was't you expected after seven?

Oliv. What shall I say? [*Aside.*

Why 'tis but seven days, is it, dearest, since you went out of Town? and I expected you not so soon.

Ver. No, sure, 'tis but five days since I left you.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, dearest, I thought 'em seven at least.

Ver. Nay then——

Oliv. But, my life, you shall never stay half so long from me again; you shan't indeed, by this kiss, you shan't.

Ver. No, no; but why alone in the dark?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your absence——

But, my soul, since you went, I have strange News to tell you: *Manly* is return'd.

Ver. *Manly* return'd! Fortune forbid.

Oliv. Met with the *Dutch* in the Chanel, fought, sunk his Ship, and all he carry'd with him: he was here with me yesterday.

Ver. And did you own our Marriage to him?

Oliv. I told him I was marry'd, to put an end to his love, and my trouble; but to whom, is yet a secret kept from him, and all the World. And I have us'd him so scurvily, his great spirit will ne're return, to reason it farther with me; I have sent him to Sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And sure he will now hate the shore more than ever, after so great a disappointment. Be you sure only to keep a while our great secret, till he be gone: in the mean time I'll lead the easie, honest Fool by the Nose, as I us'd to do; and, whil'st he stays, rail with him at thee; and, when he's gone, laugh with thee at him. But have you his Cabinet of Jewels safe? Part not with a Seed-Pearl to him, to keep him from starving.

Oliv. Nor from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em; and, I think, will scorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But, my life, have you taken the thousand Guineys he left in my name, out of the Goldsmiths hands?

Ver. Ay, ay, they are remov'd to another Goldsmiths.

Oliv. Ay but, my Soul, you had best have a care he find not where the Money is: for his present wants (as I'm inform'd) are such, as will make him inquisitive enough.

Ver. You say true, and he knows the man too: but I'll remove it to morrow.

Oliv. To morrow? O do not stay till to morrow: go to night, immediately.

Ver. Now I think on't, you advise well, and I will go presently.

Oliv. Presently! instantly: I will not let you stay a jot.

Ver. I will then, tho' I return not home till twelve.

Oliv. Nay tho' not till morning, with all my heart: go, dearest, I am impatient till you are gone—— [*Thrusts him out.*

So, I have at once now brought about those two grateful businesses, which al

all prudent Women do together, secured Money and pleasure; and now all interruptions of the last are remov'd. Go, Husband, and come up, Friend; just the Buckets in the Well; the absence of one brings the other; but I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way to justle, and clash together.

Enter Fidelia, *and* Manly *treading softly, and staying behind at some distance.*

So, are you come? (but not the Husband-bucket, I hope, again.) Who's there? my dearest? [*Softly.*

Fid. My Life——

Oliv. Right, right: where are thy lips? here, take the dumb, and best Welcomes, Kisses and Embraces; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a Duel of Love, as in others, Parlying shews basely. Come, we are alone? and now the World is only satisfaction, and defend not thy self.

Man. How's this? Wuh, he makes love like Devil in a Play; and in this darkness, which conceals the Angel's face, I dare not be afraid, I shou'd think her a Devil. [*Aside.*

Oliv. What, you traverse ground, young Gentleman. [Fidelia *avoiding him.*

Fid. I take breath only.

Man. Good Heav'ns! how was I deceiv'd! [*Aside.*

Oliv. Nay, you are a Coward; what are you afraid of the fierceness of my Love?

Fid. Yes, Madam, lest its violence might presage its change; and I must needs be afraid you won'd leave me quickly, who cou'd desert so brave a Gentleman as *Manly*.

Oliv. O! name not his Name; for in a time of stolen joys, as this is, the filthy Name of Husband were not a more allaying sound.

Man. There's some comfort yet. [*Aside.*

Fid. But did you not love him?

Oliv. Never. How cou'd you think it?

Fid. Because he thought it, who is a Man of that sense, nice discerning, and diffidency, that I should think it hard to deceive him.

Oliv. No; he that distrusts most the World, trusts most to himself, and is but the more easily deceiv'd, because he thinks he can't be deceiv'd: his cunning is like the Coward's Sword, by which he is oftner worsted, and defended.

Fid. Yet, sure, you us'd no common Art, to deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he loved his own singular moroseness so well, as to dote upon any Copy of it; wherefore I feign'd an hatred to the World too, that he might love me in earnest: but, if it had been hard to deceive him, I'm sure 'twere much harder to love him. A dogged, ill-manner'd——

Fid. D'ye hear me, Sir? pray hear her. [*Aside to Manly.*

Oliv.

Oliv. Surly, untractable, snarling Brute! he! a Masty-dog were as fit a thing to make a Gallant of.

Man. Ay, a Goat, or Monkey were fitter for thee. [*Aside.*

Fid. I must confess, for my part, (tho' my Rival) I cannot but say he has a manly handsomness in's face and meen.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the sign.

Fid. Is proper and well made,

Oliv. As a Dray-man.

Fid. Has Wit.

Oliv. He rails at all Mankind.

Fid. And undoubted Courage,

Oliv. Like the Hangman's, can murder a Man when his hands are ty'd. He has Cruelty indeed; which is no more Courage, than his Railing is Wit.

Man. Thus Women, and Men like Women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em; and Reputation, like other Mistresses, is never true to a Man in his absence. [*Aside.*

Fid. He is ——

Oliv. Pr'ythee no more of him; I thought I had satisfi'd you enough before, that he cou'd never be a Rival for you to apprehend; and you need not be more assur'd of my aversion to him, but by the last testimony of my love to you: which I am ready to give you. Come, my Soul, this way —— [*Pulls* Fidelia.

Fid. But, Madam, what cou'd make you dissemble love to him, when 'twas so hard a thing for you, and flatter his love to you?

Oliv. That which makes all the World flatter and dissemble, 'twas his Money: I had a real passion for that. Yet I lov'd not that so well, as for it to take him; for, as soon as I had Money, I hastned his departure: like a Wife, who, when she has made the most of a dying Husband's breath, pulls away the Pillow.

Man. Damn'd Money! it's Master's potent Rival still; and, like a saucy Pimp, corrupts it self the Mistress it procures for us.

Oliv. But I did not think with you, my life, to pass my time in talking. Come hither, come; yet stay, till I have lock'd a door in the other Room, that may chance to let us in some interruption; which reciting Poets, or losing Gamsters fear not more than I at this time do.

[*Exit* Olivia.

Fid. Well, I hope, you are now satisfi'd, Sir, and will be gone, to think of your Revenge?

Man. No, I am not satisfi'd, and must stay to be reveng'd.

Fid. How, Sir? You'll use no violence to her, I hope, and forfeit your own Life to take away her's? That were no Revenge.

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my revenge shall only be upon her Honour, not her Life.

Fid. How, Sir? her Honour? O Heavens! Consider, Sir, she has no Honour. D'ye call that Revenge? Can you think of such a thing? But reflect, Sir, how she hates and loaths you.

Man.

Man. Yes, so much she hates me, that it wou'd be a revenge sufficient to make her accessary to my pleasure, and then let her know it.

Fid. No, Sir, no; to be reveng'd on her now, were to disappoint her. Pray, Sir, let us be gone. [*Pulls* Manly.

Man. Hold off. What, you are my Rival then; and therefore you shall stay, and keep the door for me, whil'st I go in for you: but, when I'm gone, if you dare to stir off from this very Board, or breathe the least murmuring Accent, I'll cut her Throat first, and if you love her, you will not venture her life; nay, then I'll cut your Throat too; and I know you love your own life at least.

Fid. But, Sir, good Sir.

Man. Not a word more, lest I begin my Revenge on her by killing you.

Fid. But are you sure 'tis Revenge, that makes you do this? how can it be?

Man. Whist.

Fid. 'Tis a strange Revenge indeed.

Man. If you make me stay, I shall keep my word, and begin with you. No more.

[*Exit* Manly, *at the same door* Olivia *went.*

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. O Heavens! is there not punishment enough
In loving well, if you will have't a Crime;
But you must add fresh Torments daily to't,
And punish us like peevish Rivals still,
Because we fain wou'd find a Heaven here?
But did there never any love like me,
That untry'd Tortures you must find me out?
Others, at worst, you force to kill themselves;
But I must be Self-murd'ress of my love,
Yet will not grant me pow'r to end my Life,
My cruel Life; for when a Lover's hopes
Are dead, and gone, Life unmerciful.

[*Sits down, and weeps.*

Enter Manly *to her.*

Man. I have thought better on't; I must not discover my self now, I am without Witnesses: for if I barely wou'd publish it, she wou'd deny it with as much impudence, as she wou'd act it again with this young Fellow here. Where are you?

Fid. Here——oh——now I suppose we may be gone.

Man. I will, but not you; you must stay, and act the second part of a Lover: that is, talk kindness to her.

Fid. Not I, Sir.

Man.

Vern. No disputing, Sir, you must: 'tis necessary to my design, of coming again to morrow night.

Fid. What, can you come again then hither?

Man. Yes, and you must make the appointment, and an Apology for your leaving her so soon; for I have said not a word to her, but have kept your counsel, as I expect you shou'd do mine: do this faithfully, and I promise you here you shall run my Fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live; but, if you do not do it, expect not to live.

Fid. 'Tis hard, Sir; but such a consideration will make it easier: you won't forget your promise, Sir?

Man. No, by Heavens. But I hear her coming. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia *to* Fidelia.

Oliv. Where is my Life? run from me already! you do not love me, dearest; nay, you are angry with me; for you wou'd not so much as speak a kind word to me within: What was the reason?

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind; but come, my Soul, what make you here? let us go in again; we may be surpriz'd in this Room, 'tis so near the stairs.

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if any body shou'd come up.

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within: Come, come——

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a sudden dizziness, cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have Spirits within.

Fid. Oh! ——don't you hear a noise, Madam?

Oliv. No, no, there is none: Come, come. [*Pulls her.*

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, I must have a care of your Honour, if you won't, and go, but to come to you to morrow night, if you please.

Oliv. With all my Soul; but you must not go yet: Come, pr'ythee.

Fid. Oh! ——I am now sicker, and am afraid of one of my Fits.

Oliv. What Fits?

Fid. Of the falling sickness: and I lie generally an hour in a trance; therefore pray consider your honour, for the sake of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be sure then to come to morrow night?

Fid. Yes.

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our past kindness.

Oliv. Well, go your wayes then, if you will, you naughty Creature you. [*Exit* Fidel.

These young Lovers, with their fears and modesty, make themselves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their bashfulness, more than their calling.

Fidelia *returns.*

Fid. O, Madam, we're undone! there was a Gentleman upon the stairs, coming

coming up with a Candle; which made me retire, I ooft you, here he comes!

Enter Vernish, *and his Man with a Light.*

Oliv. How! my Husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way. [*Ex.*

Ver. Ha! You shall not escape me so, Sir. [*Stops* Fidelia.

Fid. O Heavens! more fears, plagues, and torments yet in store! [*Aside.*

Ver. Come, Sir, I guess what your business was here; but this must be your business now. Draw. [*Draws.*

Fid. Sir———

Ver. No Expostulations: I shall not care to hear of't. Draw.

Fid. Good Sir.

Ver. How, you Rascal! not courage to draw, yet durst do me the greatest injury in the World? Thy Cowardice shall not save thy life. [*Offers to run at* Fidelia.

Fid. O hold, Sir, and send but your Servant down, and I'll satisfie you, Sir, I cou'd not injure you as you imagine.

Ver. Leave the light, and be gone. [*Ex. Serv.*

Now, quickly, Sir, what you've to say, or———

Fid. I am a Woman, Sir, a very unfortunate Woman.

Ver. How! A very handsome Woman I'm sure then: here are Witnesses of't too, I confess——— [*Pulls off her Peruke, and feels her Breasts.*

Well, I'm glad to find the Tables turn'd, my Wife in more danger of Cuckolding, than I was. [*Aside.*

Fid. Now, Sir, I hope you are so much a Man of Honour, as to let me go, now I have satisfi'd you, Sir.

Ver. When you have satisfi'd me, Madam, I will.

Fid. I hope, Sir, you are too much a Gentleman, to urge those secrets from a Woman, which concern her Honour: You may guess my misfortune to be Love, by my disguise; but a pair of Breeches cou'd not wrong you, Sir.

Ver. I may believe Love has chang'd your outside, which cou'd not wrong me; but why did my Wife run away?

Fid. I know not, Sir; perhaps because she wou'd not be forc'd to discover me to you, or to guide me from your suspicions, that you might not discover me your self; which ungentleman-like curiosity I hope you will cease to have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, Madam, if I must not know who you are, 'twill suffice for me only to know certainly what you are; which you must not deny me. Come, there is a Bed within, the proper Racks for Lovers; and if you are a Woman, there you can keep no secrets, you'll tell me there all unask'd. Come. [*Pulls her.*

Fid. Oh! what d'ye mean? Help, oh———

Ver. I'll show you; but 'tis in vain to cry out: no one dares help you, for I am Lord here.

Fid.

Fid. Tyrant here; but if you are Master of this House, which I have taken for a Sanctuary, do not violate it your self.

Ver. No, I'll preserve you here, and nothing shall hurt you, and will be as true to you, as your disguise; but you must trust me then. Come, come.

Fid. Oh! oh! rather than you shou'd drag me to a death so horrid, and so shameful, I'll die here a thousand deaths; but you do not look like a Ravisher, Sir.

Ver. Nor you like one wou'd put me to't, but if you will——

Fid. Oh! oh! help, help——

Enter Servant.

Ver. You saucy Rascal, how durst you come in, when you heard a Woman squeak? that shou'd have been your Cue to shut the door.

Serv. I come, Sir, to let you know, the Alderman coming home immediately after you were at his House, has sent his Cashier with the Money, according to your Note.

Ver. Dam his Money! Money never came to any sure unseasonably, till now. Bid him stay.

Ser. He says, he cannot a moment.

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He says, he must have your Receipt for it: he is in haste, for I hear him coming up, Sir.

Ver. Dam him. Help me in here then with this dishonorer of my Family.

Fid. Oh! oh!

Serv. You say she is a Woman, Sir.

Ver. No matter, Sir: must you prate?

Fid. Oh Heav'ns! is there——

[*They thrust her in, and lock the door.*

Ver. Stay there, my Prisoner; you have a short reprieve.

I'll fetch the Gold, and that she can't resist;
For with a full hand 'tis we ravish best.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

K ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Eliza's *Lodging.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Eliza.

Oliv. AH, Couſin, nothing troubles me, but that I have given the malicious World its Revenge, and Reaſon now to talk as freely of me, as I us'd to do of it.

Eli. Faith, then let not that trouble you; for, to be plain, Couſin, the World cannot talk worſe of you, than it did before.

Oliv. How, Couſin? I'd have you to know, before this *faux paſs*, this trip of mine, the World cou'd not talk of me.

Eli. Only that you mind other Peoples actions ſo much, that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a Thief, becauſe you know your ſelf moſt guilty, you impeach your Fellow-Criminals firſt, to clear your ſelf.

Oliv. O wicked World!

Eli. That you pretend an averſion to all Mankind in publick, only that their Wives and Miſtreſſes may not be jealous, and hinder you of their converſation in private.

Oliv. Baſe World!

Eli. That abroad, you faſten quarrels upon innocent Men, for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask you pardon at home, and to become dear Friends with them, who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable World!

Eli. That you condemn the obſcenity of modern Plays, only that you may be cenſur'd for never miſſing the moſt obſcene of the old ones.

Oliv. Damn'd World!

Eliz. That you deface the nudities of Pictures, and little Statues, only becauſe they are not real.

Oliv. O, fie, fie, fie; hideous, hideous, Couſin! the obſcenity of their Cenſures makes me bluſh.

Eli. The truth of 'em, the naughty World wou'd ſay now.

Enter Lettice *haſtily.*

Let. O! Madam, here is that Gentleman coming up, who now you ſay is my Maſter.

Oliv. O Couſin, whither ſhall I run? protect me, or——

[Olivia *runs away, and ſtands at a diſtance.*

Enter Verniſh.

Ver. Nay, nay, come——

Oliv.

Oliv. O, Sir, forgive me.

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a Woman in Mans cloaths; but have a care of a Man in Womens cloaths.

Oliv. What does he mean? he diſſembles, only to get me into his power: Or has my dear Friend made him believe he was a Woman? My Husband may be deceiv'd by him, but I'm ſure I was not. [*Aſide.*

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lay'n out of your Houſe for this; but perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with ſuſpicions, you muſt have diſcover'd who ſhe was: And pr'ythee, may I not know it?

Oliv. She was——(I hope he has been deceiv'd: and, ſince my Lover has play'd the Card, I muſt not renounce.) [*Aſide.*

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee? If I muſt not know who ſhe is, I'm ſatisfi'd without. Come hither.

Oliv. Sure you do know her; ſhe has told you her ſelf, I ſuppoſe.

Ver. No, I might have known her better, but that I was interrupted by the Goldſmith you know, and was forc'd to lock her into your Chamber, to keep her from his ſight; but, when I return'd, I found ſhe was got away, by tying the window-curtains to the Balcony, by which ſhe ſlid down into the ſtreet: for, you muſt know, I jeſted with her, and made her believe I'd raviſh her; which ſhe apprehended, it ſeems, in earneſt.

Oliv. Then ſhe got from you?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't——otherwiſe you had raviſh'd her, Sir? but how dar'ſt thou go ſo far, as to make her believe you wou'd raviſh her? let me underſtand that, Sir. What! there's guilt in your face, you bluſh too: nay, then you did raviſh her, you did, you baſe Fellow. What, raviſh a Woman in the firſt month of her Marriage! 'Tis a double injury to me, thou baſe ungrateful Man; wrong my Bed already, Villain! I cou'd tear out thoſe falſe Eyes, barbarous, unworthy Wretch.

Eli. So, ſo!——

Ver. Pr'ythee hear, my Dear.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my torment.

Ver. I ſwear——pr'ythee hear me.

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your falſe Oaths and Vows, eſpecially your laſt in the Church. O wicked Man! And wretched Woman that I was! I wiſh I had then ſunk down into a Grave, rather than to have given you my hand, to be led to your lothſom Bed. Oh—oh——

[*Seems to weep.*

Ver. So, very fine! juſt a Marriage-quarrel! which tho' it generally begins by the Wife's fault, yet, in the concluſion, it becomes the Huſband's; and whoſoever offends at firſt, he only is ſure to ask pardon at laſt. My Dear——

Oliv. My Devil——

Ver. Come, pr'ythee be appeas'd, and go home; I have beſpoken our Supper betimes: for I cou'd not eat, till I found you. Go, I'll give you

all kind of ſatisfactions; and one, which uſes to be a reconciling one, Two hundred of thoſe Guineys I receiv'd laſt Night, to do what you will with.

Oliv. What, won'd you pay me for being your Bawd?

Ver. Nay, pr'ythee no more; go and I'll throughly ſatisfie you when I come home; and then, too, we will have a fit of laughter at *Manly*, whom I am going to find at the *Cock* in *Bow-ſtreet*, where I hear he din'd. Go, deareſt, go home.

Eliz. A very pretty turn, indeed, this! [*Aſide.*

Ver. Now, Couſin, ſince by my Wife I have that honour, and priviledge of calling you ſo, I have ſomething to beg of you too; which is, not to take notice of our Marriage to any whatever, yet a while, for ſome reaſons very important to me: and next, that you will do my Wife the honour to go home with her, and me the favour, to uſe that power you have with her, in our reconcilement.

Eliz. That I dare promiſe, Sir, will be no hard matter. Your Servant. [*Exit* Verniſh. Well, Couſin, this I confeſs was reaſonable hypocriſie; you were the better for't.

Oliv. What hypocriſie?

Eliz. Why, this laſt deceit of your Husband was lawful, ſince in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit? I'd have you to know, I never deceiv'd my Huſband.

Eliz. You do not underſtand me, ſure; I ſay, this was an honeſt come-off, and a good one: but 'twas a ſign your Gallant had had enough of your converſation, ſince he cou'd ſo dextrouſly cheat your Husband in paſſing for a Woman?

Oliv. What d'ye mean, once more, with my Gallant, and paſſing for a Woman?

Eliz. What do you mean? you ſee your Husband took him for a Woman.

Oliv. Whom?

Eliz. Hey-day! why, the Man he found you with, for whom laſt Night you were ſo much afraid; and who you told me——

Oliv. Lord, you rave ſure!

Eliz. Why, did not you tell me laſt night——

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you laſt night, in a fright.

Eliz. Ay, what was that fright for? for a Woman? beſides, were you not afraid to ſee your Husband juſt now? I warrant, only for having been found with a Woman! nay, did you not juſt now too own your falſe ſtep, or trip, as you call'd it? which was with a Woman too! Fy, this fooling is ſo inſipid, 'tis offenſive.

Oliv. And fooling with my Honour will be more offenſive. Did you not hear my Husband ſay, he found me with a Woman, in Mans cloaths? And d'ye think he does not know a Man from a Woman?

Eliz. Not ſo well, I'm ſure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv.

Oliv. What, you grow ſcurrilous, and are I find more cenſorious than the World! I muſt have a care of you, I ſee.

Eliz. No, you need not fear yet, I'll keep your ſecret.

Oliv. My ſecret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of Confidents, tho' you value your ſelf upon being a good one.

Eliz. O admirable confidence! you ſhow more in denying your wickedneſs, than other people in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! to me ſuch language! nay, then I'll never ſee your face again. I'll quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for malice all the truth ſhe may ſpeak againſt me. [*Aſide.*] *Lettice*, where are you? let us be gone from this cenſorious ill Woman.

Eliz. Nay, thou ſhalt ſtay a little, to damn thy ſelf quite. [*Aſide.* One word firſt, pray Madam; can you ſwear that whom your Husband found with you ——

Oliv. Swear! ay, that whoſoever 'twas that ſtole up, unknown, into my Room, when 'twas dark, I know not whether Man or Woman, by Heav'ns, by all that's good; or, may I never more have joys here, or in the other World: nay, may I eternally——

Eliz. Be damn'd. So, ſo, you are damn'd enough already by your Oaths; and I enough confirm'd: and now you may pleaſe to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this Plain-dealing Age, to leave off forſwearing your ſelf; for when people hardly think the better of a Woman for her real modeſty, why ſhou'd you put that great conſtraint upon your ſelf to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous! hideous advice! Let us go out of the hearing of it. She will ſpoil us, *Lettice.* [*Ex.* Oliv. *and* Lett. *at one door*, Eliz. *at t'other.*

The Scene changes to the Cock *in* Bow-ſtreet.
A Table and Bottles.

Manly *and* Fidelia.

Man. How! ſav'd her Honour, by making her Husband believe you were a Woman! 'twas well, but hard enough to do, ſure.

Fid. We are interrupted before he cou'd contradict me.

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye ſay, what kind of Man he was?

Fid. I was ſo frightned, I confeſs, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round fac'd, and one I'm ſure I ne'er had ſeen before.

Man. But ſhe, you ſay, made you ſwear to return to night?

Fid. But I have ſince ſworn, never to go near her again; for the Huſband wou'd murder me, or worſe, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I will go with you, and defend you to night, and then I'll ſwear too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed, Sir, I will not go, to be acceſſary to your death too; beſides, what ſhou'd you go again, Sir, for?

Man. No diſputing, or advice, Sir, you have reaſon to know I am unalterable.

alterable. Go, therefore, presently, and write her a Note to enquire if her assignation with you holds; and if not, to be at her own House where else? and be importunate to gain admittance to her to night: let your Messenger, e're he deliver your Letter, enquire first, if her Husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almost six of the clock; I expect you back here before seven, with leave to see her then. Go, do this dextrously, and expect the performance of my last nights promise, never to part with you.

Fid. Ay, Sir: but will you be sure to remember that?

Man. Did I never break my Word? go, no more replies, or doubts.

[*Exit* Fidelia.

Enter Freeman *to* Manly.

Where hast thou been?

Free. In the next Room, with my Lord *Plausible* and *Novel*.

Man. Ay, we came hither, because 'twas a private House; but with thee indeed no House can be private, for thou hast that pretty quality of the familiar Fops of the Town, who, in an Eating-house, always keep company with all people in't, but those they came with.

Free. I went into their Room, but to keep them, and my own Fool the Squire, out of your Room; but you shall be peevish now, because you have no Money: but why the Devil won't you write to those we were speaking of? since your modesty, or your spirit, will not suffer you to speak to 'em, to lend you Money, why won't you try 'em at last, that way?

Man. Because I know 'em already, and can bear want, better than Denials; nay, than Obligations.

Free. Deny you! they cannot: all of 'em have been your intimate Friends.

Man. No, they have been People only I have oblig'd particularly.

Free. Very well; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather, sure.

Man. No, no: those you have oblig'd most, most certainly avoid you, when you can oblige 'em no longer; and they take your Visits like so many Duns: Friends, like Mistresses, are avoided, for Obligations past.

Free. Pshaw! but most of 'em are your Relations; Men of great Fortune, and Honour.

Man. Yes; but Relations have so much Honour, as to think Poverty taints the Blood; and disown their wanting Kindred: believing, I suppose, that, as Riches at first make a Gentleman, the want of 'em degrades him. But damn 'em, now I am poor, I'll anticipate their contempt, and disown them.

Free. But you have many a Female acquaintance, whom you have been liberal to, who may have a heart to refund to you a little, if you wou'd ask it: they are not all *Olivia*'s.

Man. Damn thee! how cou'dst thou think of such a thing? I wou'd as soon rob my Footman of his Wages; Besides, 'twere in vain too: for a Wench is like a Box in an Ordinary, receive all peoples Money easily; but there's no getting, nay shaking any out again; and he that fills it, is surest never to keep the Key.

Free.

Free. Well, but noble Captain, wou'd you make me believe that you, who know half the Town, have ſo many Friends, and have oblig'd ſo many, can't borrow fifty or an hundred Pound.

Man. Why, noble Lieutenant, you who know all the Town, and call all you know Friends, methinks ſhou'd not wonder at it; ſince you find Ingratitude too; for how many Lords Families (tho' deſcended from Blackſmiths, or Tinkers) haſt thou call'd Great and Illuſtrious? how many ill Tables call good eating? how many noiſie Coxcombs, Wits? how many pert Cocking Cowards, ſtout? how many taudry affected Rogues, well dreſt? how many Perukes admir'd? and how many ill Verſes applauded? and yet canſt not borrow a ſhilling; doſt thou expect it, who always ſpoke truth, ſhou'd?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me; but hark you, Captain, I have heard of a thing call'd grinning Honour, but never of ſtarving Honour.

Man. Well, but it has been the Fate of ſome brave Men: and if they won't give me a Ship again, I can go ſtarve any where, with a Muſket on my Shoulder.

Free. Give you a Ship! why, you will not ſolicit it?

Man. If I have not ſolicited it by my ſervices, I know no other way.

Free. Your Servant, Sir; nay then I'm ſatisfi'd, I muſt ſolicit my Widow the cloſer, and run the deſperate fortune of Matrimony on ſhore. [*Exit.*

Enter to Manly, Vernish.

Man. How!—Nay, here is a Friend indeed; and he that has him in his arms, can know no wants. [*Embraces* Vernish.

Ver. Dear Sir! and he that is in your arms, is ſecure from all fears whatever; nay, our Nation is ſecure by your defeat at Sea, and the *Dutch* that fought againſt you, have prov'd enemies to themſelves only, in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie, fie; this from a Friend? and yet from any other 'twere unſufferable: I thought I ſhou'd never have taken any thing ill from you.

Ver. A Friends priviledge is to ſpeak his mind, tho' it be taken ill.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you think too well of me; I have found it from your heart, which ſpoke in actions, your unalterable heart: but *Olivia* is falſe, my Friend, which I ſuppoſe is no News to you.

Ver. He's in the right on't. [*Aſide.*

Man. But cou'dſt thou not keep her true to me?

Ver. Not for my heart, Sir.

Man. But cou'd you not perceive it at all, before I went? cou'd ſhe ſo deceive us both?

Ver. I muſt confeſs, the firſt time I knew it, was three dayes after your departure, when ſhe receiv'd the Money you had left in *Lombard-ſtreet*, in her name; and her tears did not hinder her it ſeems from counting that. You wou'd truſt her with all, like a true generous Lover.

Man. And ſhe like a meer Jilting——

Ver.

Ver. Traiterous———

Man. Base———

Ver. Damn'd———

Man. Covetous.———

Ver. Mercenary Whore———

(I can hardly hold from laughing.) [*Aside.*

Man. Ay, a Mercenary Whore indeed, for she made me pay her before I lay with her.

Ver. How!———Why, have you lay'n with her?

Man. Ay, ay.

Man. Nay, she deserves you shou'd report it at least, tho' you have not.

Man. Report it! by Heav'n, 'tis true.

Ver. How! sure not.

Man. I do not use to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. Last night, about seven or eight of the Clock.

Ver. Ha!—Now I remember, I thought she spake as if she expected some other, rather than me: A confounded Whore indeed! [*Aside.*

Man. But what, thou wonder'st at it! nay, you seem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enrag'd against her, for her usage of you: damn'd, infamous, common Jade.

Man. Nay, her Cuckold, who first Cuckolded me in my Money, shall not laugh all himself; we will do him reason, shan't we?

Ver. Ay, ay.

Man. But thou dost not, for so great a Friend, take pleasure enough in your Friends Revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes; I'm glad to know it, since you have lay'n with her.

Man. Thou canst not tell me who that Rascal, her Cuckold, is?

Ver. No.

Man. She wou'd keep it from you, I suppose.

Ver. Yes, yes———

Man. Thou wou'dst laugh, if thou knewest but all the circumstances of my having her. Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Dam her; I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith thou shalt. You must know———

Enter Freeman *backwards, endeavouring to keep out* Novel, *Lord* Plausible, Jerry *and* Oldfox, *who all press in upon him.*

Free. I tell you, he has a Wench with him, and wou'd be private.

Man. Dam 'em! a man can't open a Bottle in these Eating-houses, but presently you have these impudent, intruding, buzzing Flies and Insects in your Glass———Well, I'll tell thee all anon. In the mean time, pr'ythee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but an hundred pound of my Money, to supply my present wants; for I suppose there is no recovering any of it by Law.

Ver. Not any; think not of it: nor by this way neither.

Man.

Man. Go try, at least.

Ver. I'll go; but I can satisfie you before-hand, it will be to no purpose: You'll no more find a refunding Wench——

Man. Than a refunding Lawyer; indeed their Fees alike scarce ever return: however, try her, put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her, put it to her home, with a vengeance. [*Exit* Vernish.

Manent cæteri.

Nov. Nay, you shall be our Judge, *Manly*. Come, Major, I'll speak it to your teeth: if people provoke me to say bitter things, to their faces, they must take what follows; tho' like my Lord *Plausible*, I'd rather do't civilly behind their backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous Rogue, I've heard, behind a Man's back.

L. *Plaus.* You wrong him sure, noble Captain; he wou'd do a Man no more harm behind his back, than to his face.

Free. I am of my Lord's mind.

Man. Yes, a Fool, like a Coward, is the more to be fear'd behind a Man's back, more than a witty Man: for, as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a Fool is more malicious than a Man of Wit.

Nov. A Fool, Tar——a Fool! nay, thou art a brave Sea-Judge of Wit! a Fool! pr'ythee when did you ever find me want something to say, as you do often?

Man. Nay, I confess, thou art always talking, roaring, or making a noise; that I'll say for thee.

Nov. Well, and is talking a sign of a Fool?

Man. Yes, always talking; especially too if it be loud and fast, is the sign of a Fool.

Nov. Pshaw! Talking is like Fencing, the quicker the better; run 'em down, run 'em down, no matter for parying; push on still, sa, sa, sa: no matter whether you argue in form, push in guard, or no.

Man. Or hit, or no; I think thou always talk'st without thinking, *Novel.*

Nov. Ay, ay; study'd Play's the worse, to follow the Allegory, as the old Pedant says.

Old. A Young Fop!

Man. I ever thought the Man of most Wit had been like him of most Money, who has no vanity in shewing it every where; whilst the beggarly pusher of his Fortune, has all he has about him still, only to show.

Nov. Well, Sir, and makes a very pretty show in the World, let me tell you; nay, a better than your close Hunks: A Pox, give me ready Money in Play; what care I for a Mans Reputation? what are we the better for your substantial thrifty Curmudgeon in Wit, Sir.

Old. Thou art a profuse young Rogue indeed.

Nov. So much for talking; which I think I have prov'd a mark of Wit; and so is Railing, Roaring, and making a noise too, Railing is Satyr,

you know; and Roaring, and making a noise, Humor?

Enter to them Fidelia, *taking* Manly *aside, and shewing him a Paper.*

Fid. The hour is betwixt seven and eight exactly: 'tis now half an hour after six.

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and wait for me; as soon as it is quite dark, I'll be with you: I must stay here yet a while for my Friend. But is Railing Satyr, *Novel?* *Ex.* Fidel.

Free. And Roaring, and making a noise, Humor?

Nov. What, won't you confess there's Humor in Roaring, and making a noise.

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting Napkins and Hangings?

Man. No sure.

Nov. Dull Fops!

Old. O Rogue, Rogue, insipid Rogue! Nay, Gentlemen, allow him those things for Wit; for his parts lye only that way.

Nov. Peace, old Fool, I wonder not at thee; but that young Fellows shou'd be so dull, as to say, there's no Humor in making a noise, and breaking Windows! I tell you, there's Wit and Humor too, in both: And a Wit is as well known by his Frolick, as by his Simile.

Old. Pure Rogue! there's your modern Wit for you! Wit and Humor, in breaking of Windows! There's Mischief, if you will; but no Wit or Humor.

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee peace, old Fool. I tell you, where there is Mischief, there's Wit. Don't we esteem the Monkey a Wit amongst Beasts, only because he's mischievous? And let me tell you, as good Nature is a sign of a Fool, being mischievous, is a sign of Wit.

Old. O Rogue, Rogue! pretend to be a Wit, by doing Mischief and Railing!

Nov. Why, thou old Fool, hast no other pretence to the name of a Wit, but by Railing at new Plays.

Old. Thou, by Railing at that facetious, noble way of Wit, quibling.

Nov. Thou call'st thy dulness, gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, Sir, your dulness, Spleen: And you talk much, and say nothing.

Nov. Thou read'st much, and understand'st nothing, Sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no jest.

Nov. You rail, and no body hangs himself: And thou hast nothing of the Satyr, but in thy Face.

Old. And you have no jest, but your Face, Sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate Pedant.

Old. Thou art a Fool, with a bad Memory.

Man. Come, a Pox on you both, you have done like Wits now; for you Wits, when you quarrel, never give over till ye prove one another Fools.

Nov. And you Fools have never any occasion of laughing at us Wits, but when

when we quarrel: therefore let us be Friends, *Oldfox.*

Man. They are such Wits as thou art, who make the name of a Wit as scandalous, as that of Bully; and signifie a loud-laughing, talking, incorrigible Coxcomb; as Bully, a roaring, hardned Coward.

Free. And wou'd have his noise and laughter pass for Wit; as t'other his huffing and blustring, for Courage.

Enter Vernish.

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I wou'd speak with, and I have nothing to say to you. [*Puts 'em out of the Room.*

Manent Manly, Vernish.

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain, to think of getting Money out of her: she says, if a shilling wou'd do't, she wou'd not save you from starving, or hanging, or what you wou'd think worse, begging or flattering; and nails so at you, one wou'd not think you had lay'n with her.

Man. O, Friend, never trust for that matter, a Womans railing; for she is no less a dissembler in her hatred, than her love: And as her fondness of her Husband is a sign he's a Cuckold, her railing at another Man is a sign she lies with him.

Ver. He's in the right on't: I know not what to trust to. [*Aside.*

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope?

Ver. So!——Sure he is afraid I shou'd have disprov'd him, by an enquiry of her: all may be well yet. [*Aside.*

Man. What hast thou in thy head, that makes thee seem so unquiet?

Ver. Only this base, impudent Womans falseness: I cannot put her out of my head.

Man. O my dear Friend, be not you too sensible of my wrongs, for then I shall feel 'em too, with more pain, and think 'em unsufferable. Dam her, her Money, and that ill-natur'd Whore too, Fortune her self; but if thou wou'dst ease a little my present trouble, pr'ythee go to borrow me some, where else, some Money: I can trouble thee.

Ver. You trouble me indeed, most sensibly, when you command me any thing I cannot do: I have lately lost a great deal of Money at Play, more than I can yet pay; so that not only my Money, but my Credit too is gone, and know not where to borrow; but cou'd rob a Church for you. (Yet wou'd rather end your wants, by cutting your throat.) [*Aside.*

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, since I'm incapable of supplying thee. [*Embraces* Vernish.

Ver. But, methinks, she that granted you the last favour, (as they call it) shou'd not deny you any thing——

Nov. Hey, Tarpaulin, have you done? [Novel *looks in, and retires again.*

Ver. I understand not that point of kindness, I confess.

Man. No, thou dost not understand it, and I have not time to let you know all now, for these Fools, you see, will interrupt us; but anon, at Supper,

per, we'll laugh at leisure together, at *Olivia*'s Cuckold; who took a young Fellow, that goes between his Wife and me, for a Woman.

Ver. Ha!

Man. Senseless, easie Rascal! 'twas no wonder she chose him for a Husband; but she thought him, I thank her, fitter than me, for that blind, bearing Office.

Ver. I cou'd not be deceiv'd in that long Womans hair ty'd up behind; nor those infallible proofs, her pouting, swelling breasts: I have handled too many sure not to know 'em. [*Aside.*

Man. What, you wonder the Fellow cou'd be such a blind Coxcomb!

Ver. Yes, yes——— [Novel *looks in again, and retires.*

Nov. Nay, pr'ythee, come to us, *Manly*; Gad, all the fine things one says, in their company, are lost, without thee.

Man. Away, Fop; I'm busie yet.

You see we cannot talk here at our ease; besides, I must be gone immediately, in order to meeting with *Olivia* again to night.

Ver. To night! it cannot be, sure———

Man. I had an appointment just now from her.

Ver. For what time?

Man. At half an hour after seven precisely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the Husband?

Man. He! shivelling Gull! he a thing to be fear'd! a Husband, the tamest of Creatures! [*Aside.*

Ver. Very fine!

Man. But, pr'ythee, in the mean time, go try to get me some Money. Tho' thou art too modest to borrow for thy self, thou canst do any thing for me, I know. Go; for I must be gone to *Olivia*: go, and meet me here anon.——*Freeman*, where are you? [*Exit* Manly.

Enter Vernish.

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it shall be at *Olivia*'s. Sure it cannot be; she denies it so calmly, and with that honest, modest assurance, it can't be true—and he does not use to lye—but belying a Woman, when she won't be kind, is the only lye a brave Man will least scruple. But then the Woman in Mans cloaths, whom he calls a Man!——well, but, by her Breasts, I know her to be a Woman:——But then, again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to night! I am distracted more with doubt, than jealousie. Well, I have no way to disabuse or revenge my self, but by going home immediately, putting on a riding Suit, and pretending to my Wife the same business which carry'd me out of Town last, requires me again to go Post to *Oxford* to night; then, if the appointment he boasts of be true, it's sure to hold; and I shall have an opportunity either of clearing her, or revenging my self on both. Perhaps she is his Wench, of an old date; and I am his Gully, whil'st I think him mine; and he has seem'd to make his Wench rich, only that I might take her off his hands: or if he has but lately lay'n with her, he must needs discover, by her, my treachery to him; which

I'm

I'm sure he will revenge with my death, and which I must prevent with his, if it were only but for fear of his two just reproaches; for, I must confess, I never had till now any excuse, but that of int'rest, for doing ill to him. [*Exit* Vernish.

Re-enter Manly *and* Freeman.

Man. Come hither, only, I say, be sure you mistake not the time; you know the house exactly where *Olivia* lodges: 'tis just hard by.

Free. Yes, yes.

Man. Well then, bring 'em all, I say, thither, and all you know that may be then in the house; for the more Witnesses I have of her infamy, the greater will be my revenge: and be sure you come streight up to her Chamber, without more ado. Here, take the Watch: you see 'tis above a quarter past seven; be there in half an hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence, or dexterity; I am an old Scowrer, and can naturally beat up a Wenches quarters that won't be civil. Shan't we break her Windows too?

Man. No, no: be punctual only. [*Ex. ambo.*

Enter Widow Blackacre, *and two* Knights *of the Post*: *a* Waiter *with Wine.*

Wid. Sweet-heart, are you sure the door was shut close, that none of those Roysters saw us come in?

Wait. Yes, Mistress; and you shall have a privater Room above, instantly. [*Exit* Wait.

Wid. You are safe enough, Gentlemen, for I have been private in this house e're now, upon other occasions, when I was something younger. Come, Gentlemen, in short, I leave my business to your care and fidelity: and so, here's to you.

1 *Knight.* We are ungrateful Rogues, if we shou'd not be honest to you; for we have had a great deal of your Money.

Wid. And you have done me many a good job for't: and so, here's to you again.

2 *Knight.* Why, we have been perjur'd but six times for you.

1 *Knight.* Forg'd but four Deeds, with your Husbands last Deed of Gift.

2 *Knight.* And but three Wills.

1 *Knight.* And counterfeited Hands and Seals to some six Bonds; I think that's all, Brother.

Wid. Ay, that's all, Gentlemen; and so, here's to you again.

2 *Knight.* Nay, 'twou'd do ones heart good to be forsworn for you: you have a Conscience in your way, and pay us well.

1 *Knight.* You are in the right on't, Brother; one wou'd be damn'd for her, with all ones heart.

2 *Knight.* But there are Rogues, who make us forsworn for 'em, and when we come to be paid, they'll be forsworn too, and not pay us our wages which they promis'd with Oaths sufficient.

1 *Knight.* Ay, a great Lawyer, that shall be blameless. Bilkt me too.

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a Lawyer should use Gentlemen Witnesses no better.

1 *Knight.* A Lawyer! d'ye wonder a Lawyer should do't? I was bilk'd by a Reverend Divine, that preaches twice on Sundays, and prays half an hour still before dinner.

Wid. How? a Conscientious Divine, and not pay people for damning themselves! Sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe damnation. But come, to our Business: pray be sure to imitate exactly the flourish at the end of this name. [*Pulls out a Deed to sign.*

1 *Knight.* O he's the best in *England*, at untangling a flourish, Madam.

Wid. And let not the Seal be a jot bigger: observe well the dash too, at the end of this name.

2 *Knight.* I warrant you, Madam.

Wid. Well, these, and many other shifts, poor Widows are put to sometimes; for every body would be riding a Widow, as they say, and breaking into her Jointure: they think marrying a Widow an easie business, like leaping the Hedge, where another has gone over before; a Widow is a meer gap, a gap with them.

Enter to them Major Oldfox, *with two* Waiters.

[*The Knights of the Post huddle up the Writings.*

What, he here! go then, go, my hearts, you have your instructions.

[*Ex. Knights of the Post.*

Old. Come, Madam, to be plain with you, I'll be fob'd off no longer. I'll bind her and gag her, but she shall hear me. [*Aside.*

Look you, Friends, there's the Money I promis'd you; and now do you what you promis'd me: here are my Garters, and here's a Gag: you shall be acquainted with my parts, Lady, you shall.

Wid. Acquainted with your parts! A Rape, a Rape——What, will you ravish me? [*The Waiters tye her to the Chair, and gag her, and* Ex.

Old. Yes, Lady, I will ravish you; but it shall be through the Ear, Lady, the Ear only, with my well pen'd Acrosticks.

Enter to them Freeman, Jerry Blackacre, *three* Bayliffs, *a Constable, and his Assistants, with the two Knights of the Post.*

What, shall I never read my things undisturb'd again?

Jerr. O Law! my Mother bound hand and foot, and gaping, as if she rose before her time to day!

Free. What means this *Oldfox*? But I'll release you from him: you shall be no Man's Prisoner, but mine. Bayliffs, execute your Writ.

[Freeman *unties her.*

Old. Nay, then I'll be gone, for fear of being Bail, and paying her Debts, without being her Husband. [*Ex.* Oldfox.

1 *Bay.* We arrest you in the King's name, at the suit of Mr. *Freeman*, Guardian to *Jeremiah Blackacre* Esq; in an Action of ten thousand pounds.

Wid.

Wid. How, how! in a Choak-Bayl Action! What, and the Pen and Ink, Gentlemen, taken too! have you confeſt, you Rogues?

1. *Knight.* We needed not to confeſs; for the Bayliffs dog'd us hither to the very door, and over-heard all that you and we ſaid.

Wid. Undone, undone then! no Man was ever too hard for me till now. *Jerry*, Child, wilt thou vex again the Womb that bore thee?

Jerr. Ay, for bearing me before Wedlock, as you ſay: But I'll teach you to call a *Blackacre* a Baſtard, tho' you were never ſo much my Mother.

Wid. Well, I'm undone; not one trick left? no Law-Meuſh imaginable? [*Aside.*] Cruel Sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, Madam; for you have no other way to releaſe your ſelf, but by the Bonds of Matrimony.

Wid. How, Sir, how! that were but to ſue out an *Habeas Corpus*, for a removal from one Priſon to another. Matrimony!

Free. Well, Bayliffs, away with her.

Wid. O ſtay, Sir, can you be ſo cruel, as to bring me under Covert-Baron again? and put it out of my power to ſue in my own name. Matrimony to a Woman is worſe than Excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the Law: and I wou'd rather be depriv'd of life. But hark you, Sir, I am contented you ſhou'd hold and enjoy my perſon by Leaſe or Patent; but not by the ſpiritual Patent, call'd a Licence; that is, to have the priviledges of a Husband, without the dominion; that is, *Durante beneplacito*: in conſideration of which, I will out of my Jointure, ſecure you an Annuity of three hundred pounds a Year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger Brothers deſire to marry a Widow for, I'm ſure.

Free. Well, Widow, if——

Jerr. What, I hope, Bully-Guardian, you are not making Agreements without me?

Free. No, no. Firſt, Widow, you muſt ſay no more that he is the Son of a Whore; have a care of that: And then, he muſt have a ſetled Exhibition of forty pounds a Year, and a Nag of Aſſizes, kept by you, but not upon the Common; and have free ingreſs, egreſs and regreſs to and from your Maids Garret.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

Jerr. Ay, ay, fair words butter no Cabbage; but Guardian make her Sign, Sign and Seal: for otherwiſe, if you knew her as well as I, you wou'd not truſt her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, Squire. Well, Widow, ſince thou art ſo generous, I will be generous too; and if you'll ſecure my Four hundred pounds a Year, but during your life, and pay my Debts, not above a thouſand pound; I'll bate you your Perſon, to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe.

Wid. Have a care, Sir, a Settlement without a Conſideration, is void in the Law: you muſt do ſomething for't.

Free. Pr'ythee then let the Settlement on me be call'd Alimony: and the Conſideration, our Separation: Come, my Lawyer, with Writings ready drawn, is within, and in haſte. Come.

Wid.

Wid. But, what, no other kind of consideration, Mr. *Freeman*? well, a Widow, I see, is a kind of *fine chair*, by custom of which the unconscionable incumbent enjoys the profits, without any duty, but does that still elsewhere.

[*Ex. omnes.*

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Olivia *with a Candle in her hand.*

Oliv. So, I am now prepar'd once more for my timorous young Lover's Reception: my Husband is gone; and go thou out too, thou next interrupter of love——— [*Puts out the Candle.*] Kind darkness, that frees us Lovers from scandal and bashfulness, from the censure of our Gallants, and the World. So, are you there?

Enter to Olivia, Fidelia, *follow'd softly by* Manly.

Come, my dear punctual Lover, there is not such another in the World; thou hast Beauty and Youth to please a Wife, Address and Wit, to amuse and fool a Husband; nay, thou hast all things to be wish'd in a Lover, but your Fits: I hope, my Dear, you won't have one to night; and that you may not, I'll lock the door, tho' there be no need of it, but to lock out your Fits; for my Husband is jaunted gone out of Town again. Come, where are you? [*Goes to the door, and locks it.*

Man. Well, thou hast impudence enough to give me Fits too, and make Revenge it self impotent, hinder me from making thee more infamous, if it can be. [*Aside.*

Oliv. Come, come, my Soul, come.

Fid. Presently, my Dear, we have time enough, sure.

Oliv. How! time enough! True Lovers can no more think they ever have time enough, than love enough. You shall stay with me all night, but that is but a Lover's moment. Come.

Fid. But won't you let me give you and my self the satisfaction of telling you how I abus'd your Husband last night?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and your self too, the satisfaction of abusing him again, to night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your Husband———

Oliv. O name not his, or *Manly*'s more loathsome name, if you love me; I forbid 'em last night: and you know I mention'd my Husband but once, and he came. No talking, pray; 'twas ominous to us. You make me fancy a noise at the door already, but I'm resolv'd not to be interrupted. [*A noise at the door.*] Where are you? Come, for, rather than lose my dear expectation now, tho' my Husband were at the door, and the bloody Ruffian *Manly* here in the room, with all his awful insolence, I would give my self to this dear hand, to be led away, to Heavens of joys, which none but thou canst give. But what's this noise at the door? So, I told you what talking wou'd come to. [*The noise at the door increases.*] Ha!——O Heavens, my Husbands voice!——

[*Olivia listens at the door.*

Man. *Freeman* is come too soon. [*Aside.*

Oliv. O, 'tis he!——Then here's the happiest minute lost, that ever bashful

ful Boy, or trifling Woman fool'd away! I'm undone! my Husbands reconcilement too was falſe, as my joy, all deluſion: but come this way, here's a Back-door. [*Exit, and returns.*

The officious Jade has lock'd us in, inſtead of locking others out; but let us then eſcape your way, by the Balcony; and whil'ſt you pull down the Curtains, I'll fetch from my Cloſet, what next will beſt ſecure our eſcape: I have left my Key in the door, and 'twill not ſuddenly be broke open. [*Exit.*

[*A noiſe as it were people forcing the door.*

Man. Stir not, yet fear nothing.

Fid. Nothing, but your life, Sir.

Man. We ſhall know this happy Man ſhe calls Husband.

Olivia *re-enters.*

Oliv. Oh, where are you? what, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the Curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this Cabinet and Purſe, for it is thine, if we eſcape; [Manly *takes from her the Cabinet and Purſe.*

therefore let us make haſte. [*Ex.* Oliv.

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it ſhall never eſcape more from me to you at leaſt.

[*The door broken open, Enter* Verniſh *alone, with a dark Lanthorn and a Sword, running at* Manly; *who draws, puts by the thruſt, and defends himſelf, whil'ſt* Fidelia *runs at* Verniſh *behind.*

Ver. So, there I'm right ſure——— [*With a low voice.*

Man. Softly. Sword and dark Lanthorn, Villain, are ſome odds; but——

Ver. Odds! I'm ſure I find more odds than I expected: what, has my inſatiable two Seconds at once? but——— [*With a low voice.*

[*Whil'ſt they fight* Olivia *re-enters, tying two Curtains together.*

Oliv. Where are you now? ———what, is he entred then, and are they fighting! O do not kill one that can make no defence [Manly *throws* Verniſh *down, and diſarms him.*] How! but I think he has the better on't: here's his Scarff, 'tis he. So, keep him down ſtill: I hope thou haſt no hurt, my deareſt? [*Embracing* Manly.

Enter to them Freeman, *Lord* Plauſible, Novel, Jerry Blackacre, *and the Widow* Blackacre, *lighted in by the two* Sailors *with Torches.*

Ha!——what?——*Manly*! And have I been thus concern'd for him, embracing him! And has he his Jewels again too? what means this? O 'tis too ſure, as well as my ſhame! which I'll go hide for ever.

[*Offers to go out, and* Manly *ſtops her.*

Man. No, my deareſt, after ſo much kindneſs as has paſt between us, I cannot part with you yet. *Freeman*, let no body ſtir out of the Room; for notwithſtanding your lights, we are yet in the dark, till this Gentleman pleaſe to turn his face——— [*Pulls* Verniſh *by the ſleeve.*

How! *Verniſh!* Art thou the happy man then? Thou! Thou! ſpeak, I ſay; but thy guilty ſilence tells me all———well, I ſhall not upbraid thee; for

my wonder is ſtriking me as dumb, as thy ſhame has made thee. But what? my little Volunteer hurt, and fainting!

Fid. My wound, Sir, is but a ſlight one, in my Arm: 'tis only my fear of your danger, Sir, not yet well over.

Man. But what's here? more ſtrange things! [*Obſerving* Fidelia's *hair unty'd behind, and without a Peruke, which ſhe loſt in the ſcuffle.* What means this long Womans hair! and face, now all of it appears too beautiful for a Man; which I ſtill thought womaniſh indeed! what, you have not deceiv'd me too, my little Volunteer?

Oliv. Me ſhe has, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Man. Speak.

Enter Eliza, *and* Lettice.

Eli. What, Couſin, I am brought hither by your Woman, I ſuppoſe, to be a witneſs of the ſecond vindication of your Honour?

Oliv. Inſulting is not generous: You might ſpare me, I have you.

Eli. Have a care, Couſin, you'll confeſs anon too much; and I wou'd not have your ſecrets.

Man. Come, your bluſhes anſwer me ſufficiently, and you have been my Volunteer in love. [*To* Fidelia.

Fid. I muſt confeſs, I needed no compulſion to follow you all the World over; which I attempted in this habit, partly out of ſhame to own my love to you, and fear of a greater ſhame, your refuſal of it: for I know of your engagement to this Lady, and the conſtancy of your nature; which nothing cou'd have alter'd, but her ſelf.

Man. Dear Madam, I deſir'd you to bring me out of confuſion, and you have given me more: I know not what to ſpeak to you, or how to look upon you; the ſenſe of my rough, hard, and ill uſage of you, (tho' chiefly your own fault) gives me more pain now 'tis over, than you had, when you ſuffer'd it: and if my heart, the refuſal of ſuch a Woman, [*Pointing to* Olivia] were not a Sacrifice to prophane your love, and a greater wrong to you than ever yet I did you; I wou'd beg of you to receive it, tho' you us'd it, as ſhe had done; for tho' it deſerv'd not from her the treatment ſhe gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had puniſhment ſufficient from her already, and needs no more from me; and, I muſt confeſs, I wou'd not be the only cauſe of making you break your laſt nights Oath to me, of never parting with me: if you do not forget, or repent it.

Man. Then take for ever my heart, and this with it; [*Gives her the Cabinet*] for 'twas given to you before, and my heart was before your due; I only beg leave to diſpoſe of theſe few——Here, Madam, I never yet left my Wench unpaid. [*Takes ſome of the Jewels, and offers 'em to* Olivia; *ſhe ſtrikes 'em down:* Plauſible *and* Novel *take 'em up.*

Oliv. So it ſeems by giving her the Cabinet.

L. *Plauſ.* The Pendents appertain to your moſt faithful humble Servant.

Nov. And this Locket is mine; my earneſt for love, which ſhe never paid: therefore my own again.

Wid. By what Law, Sir, pray? Couſin *Olivia*, a word: What do they make

make a seisure on your Goods and Chattels, *vi & armis?* Make you demand, I say, and bring your Trover, bring your Trover. I'll follow the Law for you.

Oliv. And I my Revenge. [*Exit* Oliv.

Man. to *Ver.* But 'tis my Friend, in your consideration most, that I wou'd have return'd part of your Wife's portion; for 'twere hard to take all from thee, since thou hast paid so dear for't, in being such a Rascal: yet thy Wife is a Fortune without a Portion; and thou art a man of that extraordinary merit in Villany, the World and Fortune can never desert thee, tho' I do; therefore be not melancholy. Fare you well, Sir. [*Ex.* Vernish *doggedly.* Now, Madam, I beg your pardon, [*Turning to* Fidelia] for lessening the Present I made you; but my heart can never be lessen'd: this, I confess, was too small for you before; for you deserve the *Indian* World; and I wou'd now go thither, out of covetousness for your sake only.

Fid. Your heart, Sir, is a Present of that value, I can never make any return to't; [*Pulling* Manly *from the Company*] but I can give you back such a Present as this, which I got by the loss of my Father, a Gentleman of the North, of no mean Extraction, whose only Child I was, therefore left me in the present possession of Two thousand pounds a Year; which I left with multitudes of Pretenders, to follow you, Sir; having in several publick places seen you, and observ'd your actions throughly, with admiration, when you were too much in love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too visible. The name of my Family is *Grey*; my other *Fidelia*: the rest of my Story you shall know when I have fewer Auditors

Man. Nay, now, Madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any Complement on my part; for I was going to tell you, that for your sake only, I wou'd quit the unknown pleasure of a retirement; and rather stay in this ill World of ours still, tho' odious to me, than give you more frights again at Sea, and make again too great a venture there, in you alone. But if I shou'd tell you now all this, and that your virtue (since greater than I thought any was in the World) had now reconcil'd me to't, my Friend here wou'd say, 'tis your Estate that has made me Friends with the World.

Free. I must confess, I shou'd; for I think most of our quarrels to the World, are just such as we have to a handsom Woman: only because we cannot enjoy her, as we wou'd do.

Man. Nay, if thou art a *Plain-dealer* too, give me thy hand; for now I'll say, I am thy Friend indeed: And for your sakes, tho' I have been so lately deceiv'd in Friends of both Sexes;

I will believe there are now in the World
Good-natur'd Friends, who are not Prostitutes,
And handsom Women worthy to be Friends:
Yet, for my sake, let no one e're confide
In Tears, or Oaths, in Love, or Friend untry'd. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE, Spoken by the *Widow Blackacre*

TO you the Judges learned in Stage-Laws,
Our Poet now, by me, ſubmits his Cauſe;
For with young Judges, ſuch as moſt of you,
The men by Women beſt their bus'neſs do:
And, truth on't is, if you did not ſit here,
To keep for us a Term througout the year,
We cou'd not live by'r Tongues: nay, but for you,
Our Chamber-practice wou'd be little too.
And 'tis not only the Stage-practicer
Who, by your meeting, gets her living here;
For, as in Hall of Weſtminſter,
Sleek Sempſtreſs vents, amidſt the Courts, her Ware:
So, while we baul, and you in Judgment ſit,
The Viſor-Mask ſells Linen too i'th' Pit.
O many of your Friends, beſides us here,
Do live by putting off their ſev'ral Ware.
Here's daily done the great affair o'th' Nation:
Let Love and Us then, ne're have Long-vacation.
But hold; like other Pleaders, I have done
Not my poor Client's bus'neſs, but my own.
Spare me a word then, now, for him. Firſt know,
Squires of the Long Robe, he does humbly ſhow
He has a juſt Right in abuſing you;
Becauſe he is a Brother-Templar *too:*
For at the Bar, you railly one another;
Nay Fool and Knave, is ſwallow'd from a Brother:
If not the Poet here, the Templar *ſpare;*
And maul him, when you catch him at the Bar.
From you, our common modiſh Cenſurers,
Your Favour, not your Judgment, 'tis he fears:
Of all Loves begs you then to Rail, find fault:
For Plays, like Women, by the World are thought
(When you ſpeak kindly of 'em) very naught.